

The Burusho of Hunza

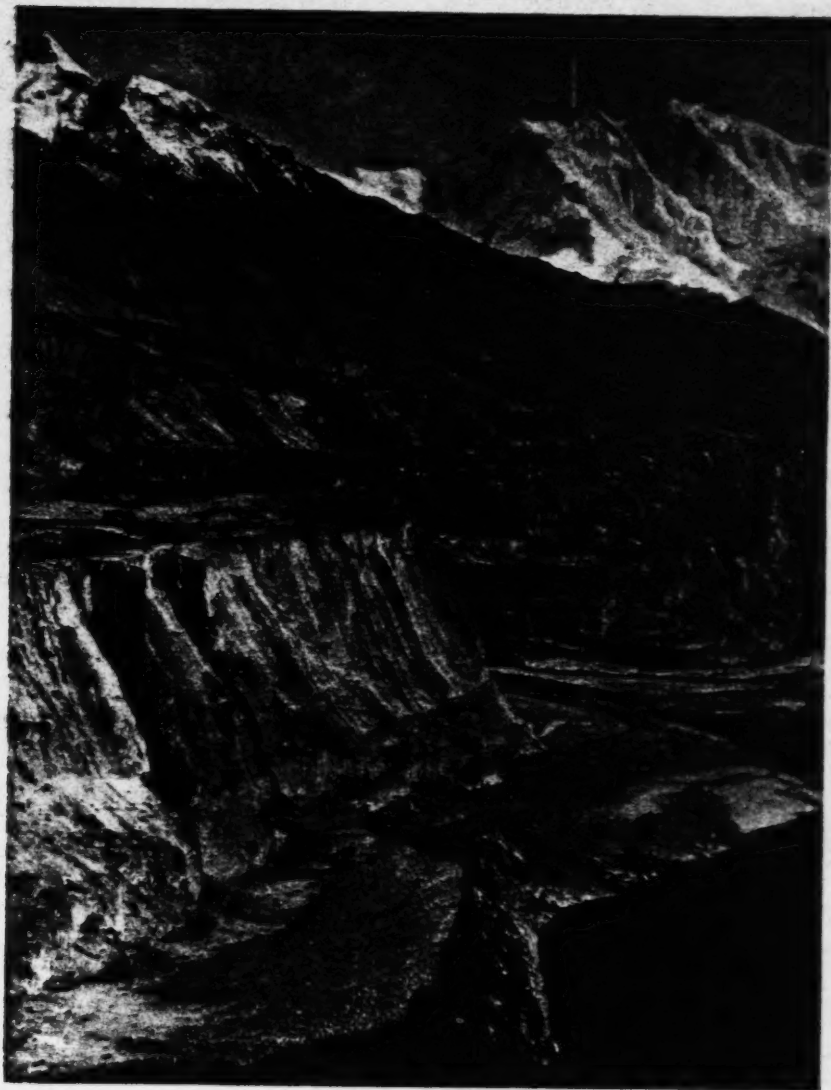
by E. O. LORIMER

101 THE small state of Hunza is the most northerly in British India.
131 It consists for the most part of a close-packed mass of unscaled
133 and unscalable mountain peaks over 20,000 feet, seamed by
197 untrodden rivers of snow and ice; as might be anticipated, it is
mainly uninhabited. Its frontiers march with Afghanistan on the
northwest and with Chinese Turkestan on the north and northeast.
But where the Hunza river has cut its way down from the Pamirs to
join the Gilgit river and ultimately the Indus, there remain, clinging
to the mountain sides, a few sloping, rocky terraces which, if water can
be brought to them, can with diligence be rendered fit for human
habitation. These oases of green amidst the barren desolation of
rock and cliff and mountain peak are the habitat of a sturdy mountain
people, the Burusho, speaking a difficult but extremely interesting
language, of so great antiquity that no affinity between it and any other
known form of human speech has yet been traced by the comparative
philologist.

114 When D.L. was posted as Political Agent, Gilgit (1920-24) he
121 made it one of his leisure tasks to collect material for a scientific study
of Burushaski (the language of the Burusho) the result of which is a
three-volume work*—grammar, texts and vocabulary—of which the
last volume is just issuing from the press. In 1934—ten years after
his retirement—we returned unofficially to Hunza, armed indeed with a
considerable knowledge of the language but with no facility in speaking
it, to live amongst the peasants and make such a study of their customs,
agriculture, economics, etc., as amateur anthropologists might.

181 During our four years in Gilgit we had not failed to discover that
609 the Hunzokuts (dwellers in Hunza) were the most attractive of all the
643 likable mountain peoples of the Gilgit Agency, the most physically
prepossessing, the most intelligent and the most trustworthy. All
classes in Hunza gave us a warm welcome, from the Mir—who has

113 * *The Burushaski Language*, by Lt.-Col. D. L. R. Lorimer, Oslo, 1935 (England: Williams and Norgate) published by the Norwegian Institute for Comparative Research in Human Culture.



Hunza River at Aliábád (winter). Middle distance, Hasanábád Nullah debouching from right. Background, Rakaposhi, 25,550 ft.

(See pp. 138-9)

[Facing Title Page]

133



1. Trout-fishing in Kargah Nullah near Gilgit

PLATE I

2. Looking up Gilgit River from maize field in Gilgit.



[Facing P.20]

133



Looking up the Hunza River gorge, half a march from Aliábád. The road (see Plate V) runs round face of right-hand cliff. (See p. 67)

PLATE IV

[Facing P. 64]

TOWARDS GILGIT

- 133 Thus mounted, we rode sorrowfully to Chalt, a wind-swept
 361 open plateau at the meeting of three gorges. Here we were able to procure slightly better ponies, and thankfully paid off the two Gilgit toys. From the Chalt rest-house through lovely fields, round a bold spur, over a fine suspension bridge into the Hunza Nagir gorge, where a magnificent view of Rakaposhi greeted us and a terrific *peri* led us into the large Nagir settlement of Sikandarabad. This had grown out of recognition in the intervening years, a fine oasis that owes its development to the enterprise of the present Mir of Nagir, Sir Sikandar Khan, after whom it is appropriately called.

High above the rocky river-bed the alluvial fans on our side (we were now in Nagir on the left bank of the river) are dotted by the green oases of Nagir, watered by the inexhaustible glaciers of Rakaposhi. On the opposite, sun-scorched, south-facing, waterless Hunza cliffs there is not a blade of grass to be seen. We passed through occasional villages, separated by roads slung between heaven and earth, fearlessly grazing the face of nightmare precipices, saw again the chorten at Thol, reminder of ancient Buddhist days, rode over the Nilt gorge, famous in frontier history, and dismounted as always to pass on foot at Ghulmit the ultra-sacred shrine of Saiyyid Shah Wali, making the halt an opportunity for tea under a magnificent chenar. The villagers gathered round us, goitrous, friendly, not too intelligent, and grinned broadly at David's chaff about the mean way in which they had stolen the holy relics from their neighbours. He thus made his first public appearance as a Burushaski speaker, only to find after this mental and moral effort that though they understood Burushaski we were still in the Shina-speaking area. His change-over to Shina caused further merriment. Between Sikandarabad and Nilt we recognized a jolly little orchard with grass and apricot trees and running streams and enclosed by low stone walls. We had drunk tea there ten years ago, when we never hoped to see this country again except in dreams. We had to get down and drink tea in it once more, as a sort of thanksgiving. This time the trees were laden with golden fruit. On we rode to our next halting-place at the fertile oasis of Minapin.

Chapter 11

THE LAST LAP

ALLÁDÓ REST HOUSE, HUNZA

July 17, 1934

133 MINAPIN was delightfully cool—we had, of course, been
361 climbing steadily since Gilgit—and we were able to sleep
indoors with comfort. After we had said "Start at five," we
almost thought it was foolish and unnecessary to be quite so
early—for a mere eleven miles. When Dádo came at quarter
to four and we were drunk with sleep, we thought so more
than ever. We remembered, however, that the road is vertical
rather than horizontal most of the way, and once we were
off we were thankful to have made an early start. You can't
imagine anything quite like it. I wish I had kept the aneroid
at hand to verify how high the various climbs were. (I always
vowed to take it next time, only my pockets were already so
full of filters and exposure notebooks, penknife, and bits of
string, spare hairpins and what not.) So I am frankly only
guessing, but I think I am minimizing rather than exaggerating,
for with these stupendous mountains all round, cliffs look
small that would create a sensation at Dover.

Like most human habitations in the Karakoram, Minapin is
on a fertile shelf some hundreds of feet above the river. We
plunged straight over the lip of a cliff and down a steeply-
graduated slope from the Minapin fan to the "beach" of the
river—700 or 800 feet. Since our last visit the treacherous
cliffs had suffered many landslides. High above us we could
see the shattered revetments of the road we used to ride, and
153 several of its predecessors. Our new track scrambled painfully
through and over masses of new-fallen boulders, or through
miles of loose soft sea-sand. For one short stretch the rocks

THE LAST LAP

were all a dark sinister crimson and gave out a suffocating 133
 smell of sulphurous gas. Our men urged us to "press the pace,"
 for the friable, forbidding cliff face above looked as if it were
 not nearly done with shedding boulders. There is assuredly
 no myth more misleading than that of the "everlasting hills."

From river¹ level we could see the pin-scratch along the 487
 cliffs on our right, some 600 or 800 feet above the river, and,
 often as we had ridden the road before, it seemed incredible
 that it could be possible to round it. The cliffs on our left bore
 similar scratches, representing the Hunza road between the
 two oases of Mayun and Hindi. Poor starved-looking little places
 they seem in contrast to the rich Nagir ones. We chaffed our
 Hunzukuts that obviously the Nagir road up the gorge was the
 better one since Government had chosen it for the regular
 route. They rose at once to the bait: the Hunza road was really
 the better and well kept up—which we could quite believe
 since the Mir always travels it himself, not to trespass on Nagir
 territory more than he can help—it had only one slight draw-
 back: there were seventeen places between the two oases
 where "shoots" were apt to carry it away.

As we scrambled our way along through the riverside 252
 boulders we noticed dozens of discarded millstones, some 324
 broken, some apparently perfect. Not that people bring their
 old millstones here to cast away! The opposing cliffs at this
 point happen to provide the best type of stone for mills, and,
 oddly, those on the Hunza side make the better nether mill-
 stones and those on the Nagir side the better upper ones (or it
 may be *vice versa*. David will have it accurately noted). When
 you want a new millstone you travel your ten or twenty miles
 or more to these cliffs, choose what seems the most promising
 boulder for your purpose, and with a rough bit of iron hack
 and chip it into a circle of the radius and depth required. You
 then bowl it home your ten or twenty or more miles like a
 child's hoop, up ravines and across gorges to your mill. If it
 hasn't broken as you fashioned it, which it frequently does—
 this explains the number of discarded millstones that here
 strew the countryside—it may very likely break on the rude
 road home. If so, you just go back and carve yourself another.

THE LAST LAP

From here we saw the fine granite piers of the old Tlahót⁴⁹¹ Bridge, the one we always used to cross by. It had stood for ¹³³ thirty years, and then was wrecked one day by a hurricane; wind can be fierce and powerful in these gorges. But the fact that it had stood thirty years proved that the chosen site was a good one. There was firm rock (not the crumbly kind of everlasting hill) on both sides at a considerable height above the river, well out of reach of summer floods. The obvious thing would have been to replace the bridge and use again the unharmed granite piers; but some engineer decided otherwise, and we had to stay on the Nagir side and ride on to the new bridge. The cliffs on each side here rise anything from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and the road round them is a little ledge a few feet wide, some 800 feet above the river-bed. When it is a ledge of firm rock all is well, but, as I have already said, the mountain sides are mainly crumbly masses of stones, boulders, and sand, and there often seems no good reason why the road should not just slide down to join the other debris (and so often it does, especially after rain). Sometimes even where there is a firm rock ledge it isn't wide enough for a laden pony. Then if the inhabitants can find a couple of firm rock spikes below they throw a tree trunk across and build up a loose wall of unmortared stones on that till they get it to road level. If there are no natural spikes, they bore holes in the rock, and drive in a few pegs to take their tree trunks.

This is the method they have to use torevet the faces of ^(3/2) their fields and the sides of their aqueducts, which are often carried eight or twelve miles round the face of the most impossible-looking precipices, so they are experts in the art. Accidents happen often enough to the road-makers, but are almost unheard-of amongst road-users. The look of the road might make your hair stand on end, but it is far safer than our murderous motor roads at home.

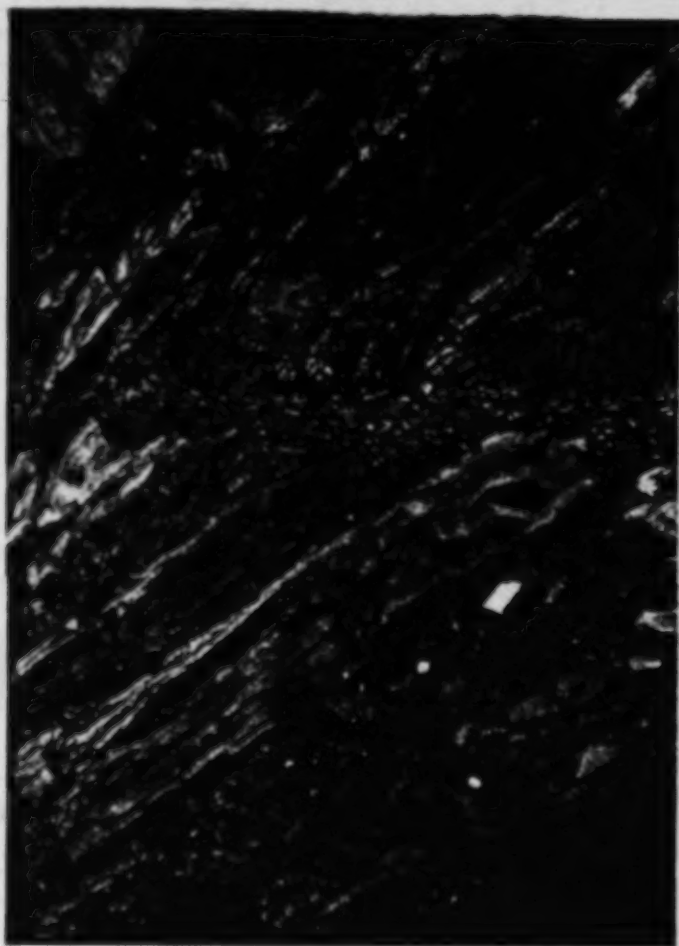
At last we got off this gallery business and out on to another fan, and we saw the new bridge on our left, quite fairly near, but the cliffs were steep and high and crumbly and there was no direct way of reaching it, so we had to overshoot it by a mile or two before the road turned down. And such a road!

THE LAST LAP

491 It was the steepest spiral you can conceive, about 2 feet wide
 133 and just one welter of soft dust like flour or french polish.
 There seemed nothing on earth to keep the path in place
 except a tiny wall of stones that rested on the dust. Still it did
 stay. Of course you could not ride it, so we slithered down
 on foot, over ankles in flour-like dust, and opposite, across
 the river, we saw the famous hot springs of Murtazábád. They
 say you can cook a chicken in them or wash your clothes, but
 clothes or chicken smell ever after of sulphur. We saw only
 dark red splashes on the face of the cliff. Having got down
 some hundreds of feet or so of floury slide, we had to ride back
 to the wretched bridge through tiring sea-sand. The bridge
 was the usual handsome steel-cable suspension bridge, but only
 a few feet above the summer water level; I wonder will it last
 the thirty years of its predecessor? I doubt it. Having crossed
 it, we set foot on Hunza soil (July 16th). The ascent from the
 river to Murtazábád was steeper and higher than the spiral we
 had just come down, but a shade firmer and less dusty, and
 the zigzag was better graduated; but we rose 1,000 feet as
 steeply as it was humanly possible, and I again had to take
 refuge in my pony's mane.

000 The view was magnificent: the tiny bridge, the gorge, and
 Raká—looking her very best. We never normally dismount in
 awkward places (which makes you ride many a time when you
 would feel happier on foot), for it gives trouble to the men
 behind, who for courtesy must dismount too and have to take
 charge of two loose horses. But it was the chance of a lifetime
 to register this view; you might ride the same stretch a hun-
 dred times and never again get the same lighting and the
 freedom from cloud. So I hopped off and had a shot. DL was
 too far ahead for me to ask him kindly to read his "wonder-
 working" exposure meter (one of these glorious electric cell
 things which we had gratefully bought from the Leverhulme
 grant); so I blazed away by guesswork, and remembering that
 the amateur always tends to under-expose, I gave it a 25th
 at F8. It should have been about a 100th! The result is not
 too bad, but the negative is as black as ink and it takes hours
 to print, and is, of course, not nearly so delicate in tone as

PLATE V



Cliff Road with three horamen. (See p. 69)

[Facing p. 72]

SETTLING IN

857 other up, chivvied their lambs and kids about by chucking stones skilfully to turn but not to hit them, and half a dozen noisy scamps would jump to and fro over the watercourse in competition.

361 Between us and the river bank were groups of poplars,
133 willows, and fruit trees with quaint cube-like stone houses dotted about in between, and right above this delightfully restful patch of green (which you could not properly appreciate if you had not had days and days of barren bleakness before you reached it), in the great triangular space between the barren mountains of Nagir and those of Hunza which rose around and behind us, there towered up the great mass of far the loveliest mountain on earth: RAKAPOSHI.

133 She is 25,550 feet high, and the top 10,000 feet which we saw from our window is a conical series of triangles, cliffs, precipices and peaks all covered in dazzling frozen snow—a never-ending joy to watch. At this time of year she was usually clear, escaping the skirts of the monsoon which are apt to catch on Nanga Parbat; and the clear sky behind changes from the palest blue at dawn to the brilliant burning blue of midday and then to delicate shades of pink, green, violet, and orange towards sunset. Ruskin could write volumes on the ever-changing shadows and colours that delighted us: I must leave them to the imagination. From our beds we could see Raka when we first woke and bid her good-night before we fell asleep. It is a wonderful thing when beauty such as this becomes part and parcel of your daily life.

132 It was still pretty hot in Hunza in July, in spite of our 7,600 feet. We had it up to 95° in the shade of the verandah outside, but were able to keep the study ten degrees cooler by closing doors and windows in the morning before the sun got up. Out in the sun the heat is all the fiercer for the altitude, a point stay-at-home travellers seldom realize. Another odd point is that in cloudless, dustless air like this, granted equal apparent brightness, photographic exposures need to be *longer* than lower down—at least this is David's experience.

157 The people round were from the first unbelievably friendly; we could run out quite informally at any moment and join

HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEMS

Two other points remained: heat and light. The Hunza mountains face south, and in contrast to the north-facing Nagir heights where pines are plentiful, are absolutely bare of trees. [133] 354

So fuel is a serious problem; each household has to manage on such wood as they can spare from their own gardens and orchards. If a tree has to be felled or pruned, or an old vine rooted up, they may be in relative luxury for a time, or if they have to cut down poplars for a house the trimmings will keep them going, but normally they must do with an occasional fallen branch or a few twigs. Even in the depth of winter no one can afford a fire merely to warm the house; they cook their bread and vegetables as economically as possible, and just sit round the ashes of the tiny fire till it is time to blow it into life again for the next meal. We feared we might therefore have to import wood from Nagir or even farther off, which would have been serious, for we needed a good deal for cooking, baths, etc., and would need more when it came to trying to heat the large and draughty sitting-room. We consulted our people about it, and presently one day they brought a charming man to see us. He had been dabbling in commerce and had contrived to contract a debt in Gilgit and was going to be forced to cut down some of his fruit trees to pay it. It would suit him far better to sell the lot to one buyer than to peddle it about amongst his fellow countrymen, who rarely had money to spend. So we easily made a bargain with him, and he delivered into one of the outhouses (with a rickety door which could be padlocked) a fine supply which with care lasted out our time for all purposes. What was more he was delighted to take notes in payment. We had brought up some ten and five rupee notes with us before we realized that only small silver would be any use. So that was that. I had no further trouble but the usual routine job of weighing out the day's wood.

In the old days in Gilgit, though oil was expensive, there was never any trouble in getting it. The S. and T. carried an ample supply both of the finer Snowflake and of the everyday kerosene. Remembering this, we had not brought any up with us from Kashmir. But the S. and T. was about to disappear, in consequence of various political developments which are not necessary to explain, and their supplies were almost done. We

1 [i.e., housekeeping problems -- Analysis]

Chapter 15

ILLNESS CALLS A HALT

000 WHEN after three days we had got the house habitable, cupboards and bookshelves ordered, lamps burning, water and food routine running smoothly, and the first friendly contacts with our neighbours established, we asked leave to pay our first call on the Mir, the king of the country and our host.

491 Two horses were found for us—it was a welcome let-off that the nature of the country made it useless to keep our own horses—and we started early, while it was still cool, on the four-mile ride to Báltít, his capital. The Great North Road from Kashmir to Central Asia is here some four to five feet wide; the only rideable road in the country. For the first couple of miles it runs fairly level between high field walls, just dipping 50 feet now and again to cross a stony gully, down which pour at times irresistible floods of mud and boulders; then it staggers almost perpendicularly up some hundreds of feet till it reaches the level of the Dála and runs along with the water channel (which is perhaps 4 feet wide and 2 feet deep) on its left and a steep drop on the right into the first fields below. High above us towered staircases of narrow fields and behind them great serrated snow peaks, the most interesting of which culminates in a 2,000-foot needle of sheer granite too steep ever to hold the snow.

133
773 This is Princess Búbuli's Peak, and the story goes that when the hero Kiser (the Gesar of Tibetan myth¹ and an

113 ¹ For original Tibetan versions of his story, see Madame Alexandra David-Neel, *Gesar of Ling*; for the Burushaski version, see D. L. R. L., in *Folklore*, XLII, June 2, 1931.

ILLNESS CALLS A HALT

incarnate deity) conquered Hai Hai Yúl (= Hunza) he took ¹³³ to wife the Princess Búbuli. He had not been long in the ⁷⁷³ country till he saw in a dream Tibet invaded and his earlier queen carried into captivity, so he determined to return and deal with his enemies. Even in the Tibetan versions of the Gesar Saga it is difficult to avoid thinking him an ugly type of hero, a still more unpleasant manifestation of the divine, and the absolute limit in undesirable husbands. Princess Búbuli asked when she might look for his return: "I'll go to-morrow and return yesterday"; he said, "when donkeys grow horns, when millstones grow beards, when the river flows uphill, I shall come back." Lest she should get into trouble during this brief grass-widowhood he seated her on this granite spike with a 200-lb. bag of millet-seed and a cock: "Give him one grain a year, and when the grain is done, I shall return." And there the luckless princess sits, and you can hear her wailing in the winter storm.

The road commands a fine view of the junction of the ¹³³ Nagir with the Hunza River, and the rugged, savage valley ⁴⁹¹ which leads to the Nagir capital, tucked away out of sight amongst its sunless mountains near the great Hispar glacier. On our Hunza side the ground falls steeply with fertile bays of terraced fields and groves of apricots, all still in late July laden with their golden fruit. The road winds round various bluffs, following of course the contours of the mountain-side, and you can see several villages below, including Ganesh, clustered on the very edge of the river cliffs. High ⁶⁴⁴ above the field-terraces on our left we presently espied the ¹³³ white front of the fortress-palace that has looked down over ³¹² the fields of Hunza for at least six hundred years—surely the most dominating seat of kings in the wide world. It is built on the cliff edge of a projecting promontory that falls perpendicularly—but from the road invisibly—behind it; and behind that again lies the mighty ravine of the Ulter Ber, up which, far out of sight, is the almost inaccessible glacier that supplies all the waters of Hunza, from Áltít (two miles beyond and some hundreds of feet below Báltít) to Aliábád, feeding five or six different aqueducts, including, of course, the Dála.

SEPTEMBER HARVEST

000 backs. They all thought it rather a thrill to come along and see me safe home and hang about for a salaam to David before they dashed off to some fresh amusement.

487 As soon as DL was better I began exploring further afield. At first I used to be a little shy of just barging down any rocky track that seemed to end up in someone's back yard. But these tracks are all public ways, and just when you think you have reached a cul-de-sac and are about to plunge into a house, the path gives a sudden twist and leads you on.

576 No matter how far I strayed from home and my well-known families, the people came up to their garden walls or out on to their flat roofs—crowds of them sometimes—to shout a welcome and good wishes, and to ask where I was going to and what I was doing. This is the recognized Hunza greeting, not a fatuous, unanswered "How do you do?" countered by another. The answer is: "I'm going to fetch firewood from the orchard," or "I'm getting some green stuff for the cow," or "I've been taking the beasts to water," or "I'm off to get some grain ground at the mill," or "I've been spending the day with mother's people." No one "goes for a walk" to get exercise after a futile day of sitting still. So I was driven to reply that I had come "to see the country." "And a good idea, too," they would respond politely; "and do you like it?" Then I could truthfully say how beautiful it was, and how much I admired their walls, and what lovely air and water and fruit they have, but that most of all I liked the friendly people. Then they grinned with pleasure. When I sometimes risked a short cut and found myself at the top of a huge wall with no visible means of getting further, a kindly man or boy would leave his work to come and point out the almost invisible flight of projecting stones or pull down a side wall to let me out into a tiny lane, and always he would offer his hand to help me. I duly thanked him and perhaps added apologetically: "We haven't walls like yours in our country, and I'm not very good at climbing them." "No, and of course you've got shoes on," he would say sympathetically, "and you're not young."

133 Twice I found my way down to the very edge of the river bank. The river itself, grey and rock-tossed it looked, dashing

SEPTEMBER HARVEST

capriciously from side to side between its beaches, was 500 or 133 ●
 600 feet sheer below, and the great crumbly earthen cliffs on
 each side were most ominous-looking precipices. There are no
 paths down them except where a side gorge comes in at in-
 tervals. At the spot where I struck the bank there had been a 133
 great fall of cliff not long before which had completely carried 312
 away a new aqueduct they were—rather too hopefully—
 trying to engineer across the face of it. If the aqueduct had
 been successful it would have coaxed some water from the
 Hasanábád glacier on to a jutting promontory, potentially
 fertile, but at the moment as bare as the palm of your hand.
 Six men went over and two of them were killed. Risks like this
 are all in the day's work in Hunza. People were still prospect-
 ing for a more hopeful alignment, but my amateur eyes could
 see no earthly possibility of getting anything to cling to the
 friable face of those terrifying cliffs. Meantime I stood well
 back from the edge! It was pathetic to see gardens and trees
 within two inches of the treacherous brink and to realize that
 the farmer on whose land I stood had lost a fertile field or
 two and half his orchard. I noted that I must go back some day
 when the light was right and see whether (without committing
 suicide) I could get a photograph right down the gorge with
 Raka, of course, rearing herself up in the background. When [31]
 the light was good it was still very hot in the sun (88° in
 the shade on an October afternoon), and rocky scrambles
 over shadeless boulders with a climb of some hundreds of
 feet to get home were not exactly restful, and I'm not so
 young!

One autumn morning when I was on the prowl I found a 243
 man just about to turn on a small team of cows to thresh a
 pile of millet heads. He and his children were busy with this
 in the centre of the floor, while a neighbour and *his* family
 were beheading another variety at one side. Two or even three
 neighbours seem amicably to share one threshing floor so as
 not to waste valuable ground. So I squatted down as usual with
 my penknife and joined the beheading family and watched the
 threshing. Only three cows were in the team this time—the
 millet-heads make a very small heap in comparison with the

HUNZA CRAFTS

a *choga* is being washed, a man's greater strength is called into play—nine yards of wet homespun is no joke. He dips it likewise into cold water, lays it on a stone, and tramples it with his full weight. There is, of course, no fuel to spare for washing clothes or persons in hot water. 296 372

From our very first days in Hunza the mills had been a source of interest, and we constantly passed them and peeped in as we traced out all the water-channels on our walks. When the water was in flow (no stream, not even the Dála, was continuously in action in any one stretch) the mills were the centre of social gatherings. The miller and his family would be inside superintending operations, while the women with their babies and their work quietly awaited their turn. They had brought small sacks or bags of grain to be ground and would squat in and round the doorway happily gossiping. Occasionally a man would come along, bent double under a huge sack of 80 lb. or so. [133] 256 [312]

We struck a particularly interesting group one day, where the water was plunging steeply down the hillside and turning three mills in succession, one below the other. David was photographing the busy crowd at the door, and I climbed up a little to join two old women busily spinning among the rocks above. "Father won't want to take pictures of us," they said, in a matter-of-fact tone quite free from bitterness, "we are old and wrinkled." As well as my halting speech permitted, I assured them that older people were our best friends, that we liked faces wrinkled like our own, and that if they would allow it, "Father" would much like their photographs. So I scrambled down the hill again to explain to DL where his next duty lay. He came and engaged the old dames in chat, but it was no easy matter to get a photograph for they were shy and self-conscious beyond the ordinary. The picture turned out at least recognizable, but when it came to delivering their copies we found that their houses were "quite near" of course, but down 500 or 600 feet of highly precipitous gorge, rather more of a rock-climbing feat than we were prepared to tackle in the course of an afternoon's walk. Enquiry revealed, however, that old Pfirúz's son was married to Ustád Nadíro's daughter, so 000

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Baraboo AV7

644

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Mir's Fort at Báltit, six hundred years old. Mountains in background 23,000 ft. concealing the great glacier that waters all the oases of central Hunza. (See pp. 105, 106)

PLATE XVIII

[Facing P. 245]

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Barusho AV7

000



1. DL taking photo of Mir Muhammad Nazim Khan on the mountainside at Baltit.

PLATE XX

2. View of Āltit Gort from same spot, looking up Hunza River. (See p. 227)

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[Facing P. 272]

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

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245



1. Rakapóshi in summer from Aliábád. Apricot trees in foreground. (See p. 80)

PLATE XXII

493

2. The sole type of wheeled vehicle in Hunza; a barrow used only in levelling fields.

(See p. 211)



[Facing P288]

Chapter 28

FINALITIES

OUR final weeks in Hunza were overcrowded with unavailing attempts to fill all the lacunæ of over a year's work, and working was not rendered easier by a temperature of 105 degrees in the shade, nor by the fact that we were both beginning to feel the strain of an intensive fifteen months at close on 8,000 feet (although we had not been consciously conscious of the altitude), and were undeniably somewhat played out. 132 133 ●

We had to try to take all the photographs—moving or still—that had hitherto escaped us, develop and print the latter, and keep up to the end our practice of giving copies to the interested parties.

Two lines of enquiry in particular demanded attention. 126
Until faith in the purely scientific and disinterested character of DL's intentions had been firmly established, he had refrained from any attempt to map in detail the inhabited country immediately about us, or to enquire too closely into the amount of land belonging to any given household. Such activities would inevitably have given rise to the fear that he had been sent to make a survey for Government as a prelude to land taxation. Now that such fears were unlikely to arise—and would not impede us greatly if they did—we toiled up and down the steep and rocky tracks, taking sights, pacing distances, measuring fields, and making calculations. A country harder to survey, even in the rough and ready fashion which alone was possible, it would be difficult to conceive. It was impossible to find even twenty yards of level ground in a straight line to make a base from which anything else was visible; pacing distance was almost otiose when spurs jutted and angles re-

INTRODUCTION

THE LAND and the PEOPLE.

Burushaski, the main subject of the present work, is spoken in the States of Hunza and Nagir, which give a name to that tangle of snow-crowned mountains, long-drawn glaciers and deep-cut river beds that form the western extremities of the Karakoram and Kailās ranges of the Geographers. In elevation and ruggedness the tract may compare with any other portion of the earth's surface. The ground covered by the twin States is roughly defined by the lines $74^{\circ} 10'$ and $75^{\circ} 40'$ of East longitude and 36° and $37^{\circ} 10'$ of North latitude. Of this area the bulk falls to Hunza. Hunza marches on the North with Afghan and Chinese territory, from which it is divided by an immense mountain barrier traversable only by a few very high passes — the Irshad (16,060 ft.), the Kilik (15,600), the Mintaka (15,430) and the Khunjerāb.

The southern drainage from this range quickly assembles a few miles below Misgār to form the Hunza river, which proceeds southwards through the Hērber or Gujhāl valley, or rather gorge. On its way the river receives reinforcement by tributaries from either side — the principal being the Batūra and Pasu glaciers on the West and the Shīmshāl valley on the East. About 15 miles East of Baltit, the capital of Hunza, the river changes to a general westerly course, and level with Baltit it receives on its left bank the waters of the Nagir river which represent the meltings of the

Burushaski Grammar

- 123 Hispār, Barpu and other large glaciers. Henceforth until Chalt is reached, where it turns South, the river forms the boundary between Hunza on the North and Nagir on the South. Chalt itself and the Chaprōt valley which debouches into it belong to Nagir. Otherwise Nagir is confined, generally speaking, to the valley of the Hispar glacier and Nagir river and the northern slopes of the Kailas range, the crest of which forms the dividing line between it and Gilgit.

On the extreme East Hunza marches with the Oprang valley in Chinese territory and southwards with Baltistan, but the mountain range which separates these regions is scarcely surmountable (v. Text XXVIII). On the extreme West again, Hunza and Nagir territory terminates on a lofty range which runs roughly North and South and is only traversable with difficulty by a couple of passes, the Chillinji (17,000 ft.) and the Daintar (15,210). Beyond lies the sparsely-inhabited valley of Ishkoman, which again is bounded on its western side by a North and South range of mountains on the further side of which is situated the Wershigūm valley, known officially as the Yasin 'Ilāqa. This Wershigum valley is the habitat of the Werchikwār language, a variant form of Burushaski, to which brief reference is made in this work.

- 133 From the West of Hunza to the East of Wershigum is as the
487 crow flies a mere 20 or 30 miles, but the traveller will spend six days and cover some 115 miles in making his way from Chalt via Gilgit and Gupis to Yasin. Such is this country where cross-country travel is impossible and practicable routes can be found only by following the natural lines of least resistance, and that not without pain.

- 361 I have now placed our language on the map, approximately, but
162 greater precision is required. In the first place we have to take account of the fact that the bulk of Hunza and the eastern portion of Nagir are uninhabited and uninhabitable. Permanent population exists only on the elevated terraces that skirt in places the sides of the river valleys.

Introduction

Among the vast and savage mountains of the Western Karakoram, which are generally devoid of a blade of grass, and of which the surface by falls of cliff and boulders, the slipping of detritus, and the downpouring of mud-floods, is kept in a constantly raw and unstable state, nature has made it possible for a small population to maintain itself, in the sweat of its brow, by agriculture and the pasturing of small cattle. 133●
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Terraces, apparently the remains of glacial deposits, supplemented it may be by downpourings from the mountain sides, have been left here and there along the sides of the valleys of the main rivers, at a height usually of some hundreds of feet above their stony beds. 312
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Where water for irrigation can be obtained from side-ravines these tracts can be cultivated. Without irrigation no cultivation is possible. There are no rain-watered cereal crops and water cannot be raised from the main river. The surface of these terraces is not flat, but slopes down at every kind of angle from the hillsides till the terraces end in abrupt earth-cliffs descending to the river beds. As the ground has to be irrigated it also has to be more or less levelled, otherwise all the soil would soon be washed away. This is accomplished by constructing terraced fields, the lower edges of which are supported by revetting walls built up of the rounded stones available in the diluvium. This revetting is highly skilled work, and is beautifully carried out, and maintained in perfect repair by the Hunzukuts. The Nagirkuts seem on the whole to be less strenuous workers and less tidy-minded cultivators.

There remains the task of constructing channels to bring water from where it is available, often miles away. These channels are designed with precision and executed with great resource and ingenuity, often being carried on revetted or galleried aqueducts across cliff faces. Having made your land and brought your water, it still remains to elaborate a system of distributing the water among the various communities or individuals entitled to a share of it. 312

Pressure of population in recent years has led to constant endeavours to devise means of providing water supplies for tracts of waterless but cultivable land. Where land and water have been 241

Burushaski Grammar

241

brought together, the following are the principal crops grown in Hunza and Nagir: wheat, barley, two or three kinds of millet, buckwheat, broad beans, peas and various pulses, lucerne (yielding two crops) for fodder. Maize and rice are not grown at these levels¹. Lucerne is often grown on the sloping unterraced hillside where water is insufficient for crops. Fruit is also an important item of cultivation. The apricot is universal, and fresh and dry the fruit is a staple food. Besides its kernels are collected and eaten, or crushed for their oil. Apples, peaches, cherries, cherry-plums and grapes are also extensively grown, but do not appear to be dried, though apples and grapes are stored in straw for some months. Pears, pomegranates and walnuts are cultivated in places. The mulberry is eaten fresh and is also dried and preserved. Poplars and willows are grown for their timber, and in the lower tracts the chenar.

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Agricultural crops and fruit would not however provide a complete subsistence. Goats, sheep and a small type of cow supply the necessary milk and fat products, particularly ghee, also hair for ropes and coarse cloth, wool for clothing, skins and hides for containing vessels, foot-wear and thongs. These cattle are kept in the villages during the cool and cold weather, when they are fed on such scanty natural grazing as is to be found, agricultural waste and dried leaves, and pay their way by providing milk and manure. During the hot months they are sent up in charge of herds to the few summer grazing-grounds (tér, pl. térmíng; ter, términ), which exist in the higher parts of some of the nullahs. There their milk is collected and converted into forms in which it will keep: ghee, dried buttermilk etc.

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¹ I.e. from about 7000' upwards. Chhalt, the lowest village in the country, stands at 6540'. Máyn and Hindi are probably about 7000' and Aliabad about 7500'. Baltit is 8000' and Nagir 7550'. Misgar, the highest place at which the Burusho have been induced to live, is 10,150'. It is said that the Burusho women refuse to go where the apricot will not ripen, and there are few Burusho settled above 8000'. In Chuphran and Shimshal the Wakhs are found up to about 11,000', which is probably the extreme limit at which barley will grow in this region. In recent years a little maize has been grown in Máyn, Murtaabád and Ganish.

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The Road between Chalt and Nilt., *End Plate 4*
The Hunza River below. Looking Westwards.

3: Loximer L-8 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

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The road between Chalt and Nilt.
The Hunza River below. Looking Eastwards.

End Plate 5

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Baltit from the South.

Tombs of the Wazir's family in the foreground. Below Baltit are apricot trees. Taken in April.

End Plate 6

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View from the left (South) bank of the Eagle River at its confluence with the House and beneath formation. In the left distance is the massive Spotted Mountain peak, on the right the House River valley is hidden.

End Plate 7

20. *Exposition 1904-1905* (1904-1905) 1905 AVT *Exposition 1905* AVT



Itsumoto ("Hakapuchi") 25,400 feet high from the North End.

End Plate 8



End Plate 9

Altit from the W. from near Bultit.

In the foreground the Harchimo Har. Beyond terraced cultivation Altit and the Valley of the Hunza River.

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Looking S. W. from the Nagir Polo Ground.
Terraced fields and apricot trees in blossom above.
End Plate 10

No. XXXII.

Sai.id Ša Wali.e Čaya.

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Tsorom zama'na.ulo hin Sai.id Ša senas hiran yu'smu ka Hunzu.e U'ltare Bore ho'le di bam, seiba'n. Sis haira'n bam: "Ki'n amulum b'elate di bai.i ke, gan amulo ap'im" nusen. Ho Sai.id Ša ke yu's Hunzulo xuš ne hurutuman seiba'n.

- 5 Sai.id Ša siri ka bam seiba'n. Hikulto o'simi: "Le.i Hunzakuts, Baltite tsil kam bila, han pfurtane tsil uy'on mi bi. I'se pfut je ma'r di.ušam, ma delin," o'simi. I'te waxtulo sis ar umanuman, seiba'n. Ar umanasor ho Sai.id Ša tobaqate bišami seiba'n. Biš'ai.asor ho tuš'atan bul(e tsil) du'simi. Sai.id Ša o'simi: "Axə'a 10 pfut ma deli bam ke bu't tsil dušum tse. Mu ja i'se pfute han i'me.ulo tobaqate deli.aba. Ma'r hami'sa gute bu'l du.a'aši," osam, seiba'n. Murto ke bila. It'er "Pfurue Bul" seya ba'n.

Ho Sai.id Ša be'rum kutsantsum besanate aza'r numa Hunzutsum ni.asor rak etimi. Etasor gati numa "O'ni" nusen er buyat etuman, 15 seiba'n. Qabu'l aiyetum Sai.id Ša Hunzotsum yu's numuyen du'simi. Amma Sai.id Ša Hunzulo han Šikaki.ants senas dišan bila, bu't xuš et'am. I'mo yoyan uy'unimi seiba'n, "Guke te'le ya're etin"

2-5 *amolom belate . . . ke* — the *ke* gives the sense of the English -ever: 'wherever has he come from and however has he come?'

13] *gan apim* — the *U'ltare Bore* is a 'cul de sac' surrounded, except at its exit through a narrow gorge, by 20,000 foot snow-capped mountains.

5 *Honzakuts* — a variant, probably incorrect, of *Honzukuts*.

8 *Ho Sai.id Ša* — The meaning is probably that, as the people were afraid, Sai.id Ša himself shot at the *Deu* when he had forced him to come out.

000 nūšēd. "Bešal gute dišulo talo Seriteru.e makariṇ manimi ke Hunzo buṭ aba'd maiimi," oš'am, seiba'n.

Ho Sai.id Ša Sumaiyeror du'a xan ne di'mi seiba'n. Šaya'r ke Hakučēr hēraṇulum i'te žin'at buṭ do'rčilum. Sai.id Ša ča'rər 5 di'mər do'rimi seiba'n. Han uyur'm bu'n'an yatum dimi. Sai.id Ša i'se bu'n do'a' ne yat ne thur etimi, seiba'n. I'se žiṇa di'm bun i'te i'ndilulo tsat etimi seiba'n. Dərum xā Sai.id Ša du'a netan tsat etum bu'n i'te i'ndilulo bi.

Ho Sai.id Ša ke yu's Tho'lər du'man seiba'n. I'te diš urər xuš 10 di'mi. Xuš n'uman huruč'am'an. Berum sanmo Sai.id Ša ɣali's imanimi. U'e sisər o'simi: "Je erča ba. Jə't kafan Hunzutsum nam'a'n, du'mərin, dušur'in," o'simi. Pəri.en sa bim kafan Hunzu.e Thamutsum du'mərčər do'rimi, seiba'n. Hunzu'wər du'n, kafan nuk'a pfer numa To'lər niš xā i'se pferi sa tər'i buṭ omanum təlats 15 bim seiba'n. Sai.id Ša Xudayə Wali bam, i'se sa buṭ ay'etum e.urut'am seiba'n. Kafan tsuryasər (or, su'yasər) Sai.id Ša Wali wafat manimi, seiba'n.

To'le sisər o'sam: "Je ko'le aw'ašin. Gute diš ja xuš etam," nusen diš o'ltiram. Mu'to xā i'ne xuš ne o'ltirum diš To'lulo tər'k ne bila.

20 Ho tərumanər Ğulmite sis šaṇ umanuman seiba'n. To'le sistsum Sai.id Ša ğut'as uširčər du'man, seiba'n. Sai.id Ša ğutas Ğulmitkutse To'lkutsatsum uširuman seiba'n. Ğulmite sis buṭ bam, To'le sis

[133]⁴ žinat — for about three-quarters of a mile the track crosses the face of a steep slope consisting of broken stones, shale etc. which is crowned by cliffs from which stones big and small are constantly rolling down. These "stone-shoots" are a common feature in the Gilgit and Chitral area and one which adds to the excitement of travel.

This particular specimen between Askurda's and Pjekər in Nagir is a very fine one.

000 i'se bu'n — is not wanted here.

do.a' ne — i. e. du.a' ne. As a magician S. Š. would employ 'a spell' or 'enchantment', but as a "holy man of God" he presumably had recourse to 'prayer'.

So du.a' probably bears its orthodox meaning.

6-7 žiṇa di'm bun — "the boulder which had come as a rolling stone".

10 berum sanmo — cp. note p. 292 l. 13, and § 170.

13-14 Hunzu'wər du'n . . . təlats bim — Note the common difference of point of view as regards "going" and "coming" between Burushaski and English: "having

121 and of course the kinds and varieties of foods that were used, I attached great importance to this phase of my trip and I was definitely determined that, come what might, this information I would have thoroughly and in detail.

124 No doubt it would have been an advantage had I been able to speak either Urdu, or better still Burushaski, so that I could frame my questions as I saw fit and have answers that would be direct and would not require translation. However, that was not possible. Still, I had no reason to believe that my interpreter would not be a forthright individual who would give me the answers that were relayed to him clearly and to the point.

Mind you, I was seeking no miracle or world panacea. I wanted to find out the simple truth!

Further, I wanted to walk from farm to farm . . . that is, just selecting one at random here and there. I wanted to view the farmer's activities, study his soil and examine it, ask a few questions and thus, I could gather the information that I wanted and which was so vital to me.

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644 The old palace proved to be in a good state of preservation. I wondered, because of its good condition, why someone didn't live there. Many of the rooms were still furnished. There were even rugs and tapestries placed and hung in their original positions.

[126] When we climbed to the top of the castle—that is, to the roof where I snapped many photos—it seemed mighty high and overlooked everything around us. But

• [133] in the distance were mountains that were well over 20,000 feet—and that is no exaggeration, but more likely an understatement.

There was a railing around this upper balcony and from this balcony you could walk into other chambers.

000 with the Rani and his brother and, after the usual sumptuous breakfast, Sultan Ali joined us and the three of us—Jahangir, Sultan Ali and I—took off to Altit. As we left the Mir said, "I'll be waiting here for you and you'll ride the yaks right into the palace yard."

"You'll find the yaks very easy and comfortable to ride," continued the Mir. "What's more—you won't notice the ascents and descents!"

"You're kidding!" I rejoined.

"No, I'm not," he said. "It's true . . . just wait and you'll see!"

● 133 It was approximately a 2 mile jaunt to Altit and the
487 terrain was very much like the terrain we had en-
491 countered all the way up from Gilgit—washouts, rock slides, boulders strewn all over the place. This all made walking difficult, at least for me.

491 Now I don't want you to get the idea that when these landslides or rock slides occur they are just left where they fall, because that is the furthest thing from the truth. Immediately after these things happen, crews are put on to get things straightened away. But when you take into consideration that each speck of work is done manually and that they do not have even a wheelbarrow, you can then understand that the job is a difficult one and one that is back-breaking and requires much time.

The only implements I saw them use on the roads were a sort of pinch-bar or wedge and a sledge hammer. You see, they don't have dynamite and when a huge boulder lands smack in the middle or at the side of the road and can't be pushed off, the only other course to follow is to break it into small pieces. Those are the ways and means here of getting rid of huge boulders.

461 Let it also be clearly understood that the Hunza

As we wound along the trail and through the streets of the village, I kept looking around to see if I could spot the bit of meadow or field where the yaks would be grazing. I felt certain that if they were being tethered or kept somewhere that there would be some sort of grazing ground for them and I found I was right because, shortly, we came upon a bit of meadow surrounded by shrubs and trees. And sure enough, there were the yaks and the herders.

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The first thing I noticed about them was that they seemed to be snorting like wild bulls. They breathe rather heavily and exhale sharply through their nostrils. The altitude at Altit was probably about the same as that of Baltit—between 8,000 and 9,000 feet—and that was much too near the level of the sea to suit the yaks who wanted it at least 11,000 feet. Undoubtedly that was the reason they were snorting and appeared somewhat uncomfortable.

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[361]
[133]

I liked their rather shaggy, unkempt appearance. The woolly hair that grew around their head and on top of it, looked as though it had been curled. I didn't know whether that made them look ferocious or cute.

I took a keen liking to the strange looking beasts. But I'm not sure that they shared my feelings. At least, they didn't look as though they did.

I have read and been told that you can trust a yak implicitly on any trail. If it's safe and can be traversed, he'll make it. If there's any doubt, he'll be just as stubborn as any mule. Where the way or the road is extremely bad, he will refuse to go and only by brutal pounding and beating and dragging will he continue along the trail that he distrusts.

Through each yak's nose ran a rope—a good thick, heavy rope. This is used to guide or lead the yak, instead of a bridle and bit.

[492]

131 Hunza is a country that lies along the Hunza River from Secunderabad to the Chinese border, a distance of somewhere around 200 miles, but no one has ever actually measured it. At the narrowest point it is less than half a mile wide. At its broadest, it is not quite two miles. Usually the only piece of flat land in a village is the polo field. Good, rich, deep soil as Westerners know it is absolutely unknown in Hunza.

311 Whenever a house is built here, they seldom ever use a piece of fertile soil or soil of any kind. They usually erect it on rock or on a steep hillside where that piece of land could not have been used for agriculture anyway.

[241] Practically every bit of farm land is terraced. It can be said, it is actually cut out of the rocks of the mountainside which is the north bank of the Hunza River.

[134] Of the total length of 200 miles, only a small fraction is at all arable. Most of it is solid rock or terrain so steep that horticulture of any nature is impossible.

312 Rainfall is scanty. They cannot depend upon it at all for crops. In order to get sufficient water, hand built and similarly maintained conduits bring water down from glaciers. These conduits are carefully erected and trained to run alongside the villages where the water can be trapped to flow where desired and used to irrigate their lands, also for drinking and all other necessary purposes.

There are four main conduits in Hunza and they are as follows:

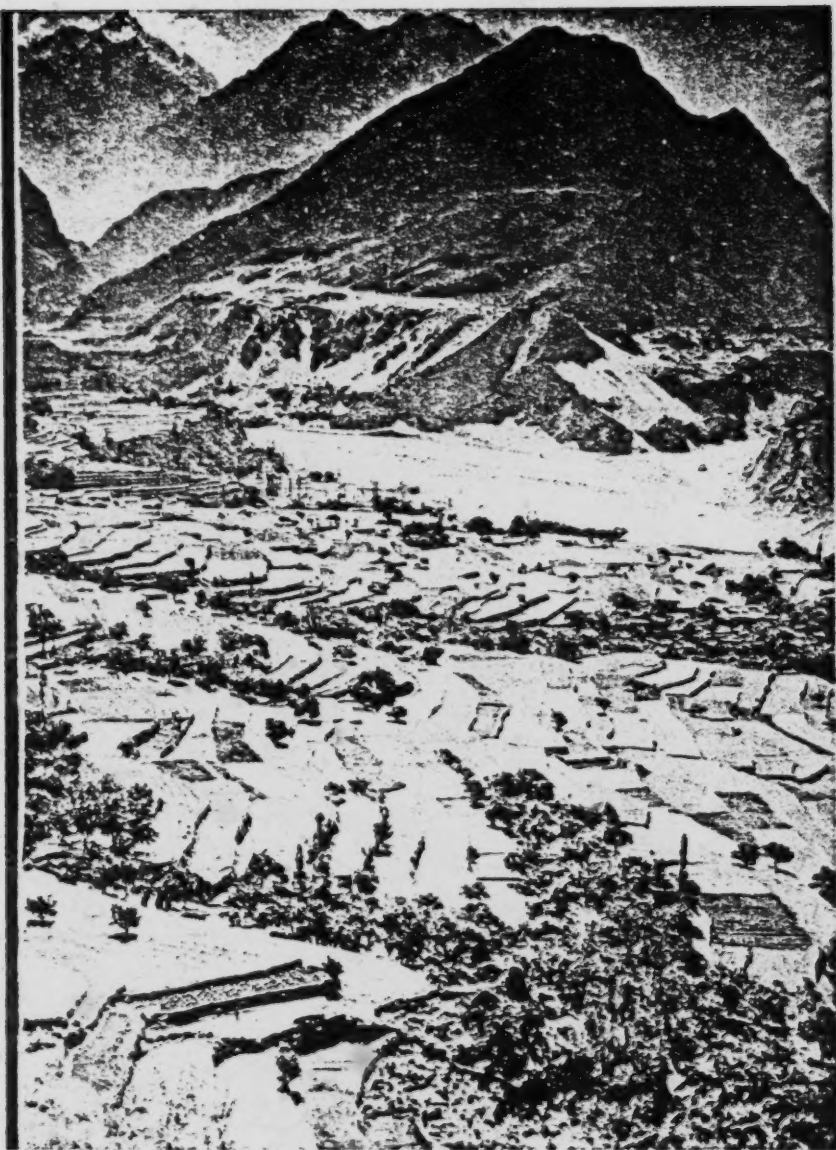
Murku—This is at the highest level of all the aqueducts and carries the most water.

Barbar—Supplies the Baltit-Altit area.

Dala—This is the longest—extends as far as Aliabad. Supplies Kerimabad.

Hamachi—The smallest which runs as far as the tiny village Ganesh, located on a cliff's edge.

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The largest area of land suitable for farming in Hunza—
located near Baltit.

[Facing p. 326-]
A

526 I do know, however, that tennis is played in Hunza
481 because the Mir has a tennis court in an area around
the garden. I also know that swimming is practiced
because I saw a swimming pool at the Mir's summer
home at Altit.

It was July when I was in Hunza and not one single
person did I see swimming in either the Gilgit or Hunza
Rivers or, for that matter, in any of the nullahs or
creeks we passed.

I will admit that we had our feet soaked in most of
them—some deliberately when resting and others in
crossing, chiefly on foot because I didn't trust my
horse. He has four slender legs with any of which he
can get into trouble. I have only two to watch and
worry over and they are sturdy and stocky, of the
"Pict" type.

● 133 It would take a mighty good man or boy to swim in
526 the nullahs in Hunza or the surrounding area: first,
because the icy waters of the rivers or nullahs would
freeze you to death in no time flat. The water, winter
and summer, never gets much higher than the freezing
point and I doubt if any human being or even these
human polar bears could stand water like that. Be-
sides, there are no clear calm patches that are without
a devastating current.

From scrutinizing the area, I doubt very much if
there are very many places along the entire reaches of
the Hunza River that can be forded, even with mighty
good animals, capable of swimming, at least during the
spring and summer. I know of one well prepared ex-
pedition that tried to cross one of these rivers and
came to grief.

526 Polo is the national game or sport of Hunza and of
practically all the principalities in that area . . . and,
brother, it is a wild and woolly game as played by these

exception of the doctor or visitors. There was a letter 205
from my office awaiting me when I reached the Mir's
palace. The Mir told me about it right after our first
greeting. He was understanding enough to realize I
would be happy to hear from home.

I guess many of the things about Hunza wouldn't 642
allow the country to come under the heading of a
democracy, but from what I saw of life and living in
Hunza, I assure you it is more of a democracy than any
other democracy in existence today.

Hunza has no policemen, no soldiers, no bureau- 692
cracy, no customs officers or immigration officers. They 643
do have the Mir who is the ruler and true head of the
state and the Mir appoints the Wazir who is his right 647
hand man and acts as judge. 693

All major squabbles and disputes are handled by the
Mir. He holds court regularly and makes the decisions
and his word is law and cannot be challenged or con-
tested by anyone. Minor cases are looked after and
into and tried by the Wazir.

Hunza does not have a jail. There is no lockup 697
whatsoever. If and when a crime is committed, the 681
criminal or culprit is banished to a place called Shim-
shal. At Shimshal the criminal or guilty person is not
confined or jailed. He just has to live in that rugged
place, where living is grim. The altitude is somewhere
around 12,000 or 13,000 feet, and eking an existence
out of the land there is most difficult and precarious. 133
Actually the form of punishment is a sort of ostracism.

Evidently the threat of being sentenced to live in 674
Shimshal is a great deterrent, because few crimes are
committed. There have only been two instances in the
last ten years where serious crimes have occurred. In 689
one instance it was a youth who had posted indecent
signs on trees and other places. He was hailed before

of study before an answer can be given. They do get more sunshine than the Nagirwals—of that there is no doubt. While in Nagir fields are definitely in better tilth, their land is deeper, they have broader and more fertile valleys and can grow more and better food, yet undoubtedly the people of Hunza are by far the handsomer, healthier, more industrious and more energetic. 132
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[133]

For my part I wasn't completely sold on the principle that the people of Hunza did have much more sunlight than the people of Nagir and I debated the matter with a few individuals. But each of them maintained stoutly that they did and claimed that they had scientific proof that Hunza did get more sunlight.

The last man with whom I did battle on the subject was Dr. Hermann Berger of West Germany. From his investigations he said that he had reached the conclusion positively and unequivocally, that the northern slope of the mountains through which the Hunza River flowed did get more sunlight than the southern slope which was Nagir. 132
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As I found considerable difficulty and doubt concerning the theory of the people of Hunza getting more sunlight than the people of Nagir, I decided to draw a little chart that would illustrate the situation as I eventually found it to be. After seeing the drawing I think it will prove to you that the principle is natural and reasonable. (See Fig. 1.) $\frac{1}{A}$

CHAPTER 45

Where Is Hunza?

131 AT FIRST I HAD TAKEN it for granted that everyone knew exactly where Hunza lay. Then after many folks had queried me about the location of this strange country, I found that Hunza was seldom listed on any map and not even mentioned in many encyclopedias and gazetteers. Therefore, it is only fair and right for me to tell you where Hunza is and, if you do know, I trust you will pardon my repeating the position, but I want to establish its area clearly.

At the extreme northerly tip of Pakistan, rubbing shoulders with Afghanistan on the west, China on the north and northeast is Hunza and just 14 miles beyond the narrow corridor of Afghanistan lies Soviet Russia.

• [133] The gateway between Hunza and China is the famed Mintaka Pass which is the original route followed by Marco Polo back so many hundred years ago. Hard-by is where the Hunza River has its source. This area along

the Hunza River is the principality called Hunza.

131

It is nestled in a most enchanting setting, surrounded by three of the world's greatest and tallest mountain systems. Another piece of knowledge that adds even greater interest and appeal is the meaning of the names of the three mountain systems: Hindu Kush means "killer of Hindus" because so many Hindus have lost their lives in crossing this range; Himalaya means "abode of snow", well-named when one considers their height and the vast masses of glaciers lying on the mountains' breasts; Karakorum means "the black rock" and one has to actually penetrate this system to realize how accurately those hard bare stone walls are named. The word Kush is pronounced with an "oo" sound. Himalayas is pronounced with the accent on the "al". The Karakorums are pronounced with the broad "a" accent for the first syllable and "oo" sound for the "um". This word can be spelled either "am" or "um". I prefer "um" because that is more in keeping with the sound as spoken by the people of that area.

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[104]

Hunza actually forms a part of what was the old Kashmir and on maps it is shown as part of Kashmir and Jammu.

During my travels through the area I was plagued with the questions . . . Where exactly are the Hindu Kush, the Karakorums, the Himalayas? Where among these ranges is Hunza? 'Tis simple, you say? That's what I said, too, until I began to investigate and ask questions. Then I found myself in a maze of confusion from which I found it difficult to extricate myself.

Surely one would believe that learned people, high school or university graduates both in America and abroad, would know a bit about the most important mountain systems in the world. But, no! Ask them yourself. See the ambiguous answers you get. Then you

131 will understand why "it plagued me thus."

• 133 Many writers who have visited the area, and many
[114] others who have not, refer to Hunza as being in the
Himalayas. I am sorry to be forced to contradict these
good people, but from my research—and I repeat,
research—I have come to the conclusion that Hunza
is definitely in the Karakorum system and not the
Himalayas.

[114] If this error was made just occasionally by casual
visitors or tourists, it could go unmentioned, but when
men with science education and degrees make this
mistake, it is somewhat unpardonable. There are very
few maps or gazetteers that give this information ac-
curately, and if you think I came by this information
easily, I would suggest that you take down whatever
maps you have available and do some research on
the topic.

The eventual decision as to which are the Kara-
korums and which are the Himalayas came about when
it was firmly laid down in one place that the north-
west upper Indus separates the Karakorums from the
Himalayas. The Karakorums seem to start about where
the Hindu Kush ends in Kashmir. The exact spot,
according to the best data that I could obtain, is 74
degrees east longitude and from there the Karakorums
run approximately 300 miles southeast down to the
main bend of the Shyok River. Even encyclopedias are
not completely reliable in this instance, because one
encyclopedia (in fact, Columbia is the one I'm talking
about) lists Mountain K2 which is now known as God-
win Austen as the second tallest mountain peak in the
world and places it both in the Karakorums and in the
Himalayas. The Hindu Kush culminates at Tirach Mir
—26,426 ft. high. Just about there the Karakorum
range takes over and extends as specified above.



The Hunzas are conceded to have superior health to their neighbors.
Nagir land is more shaded by mountains. (Figure 1.)

256

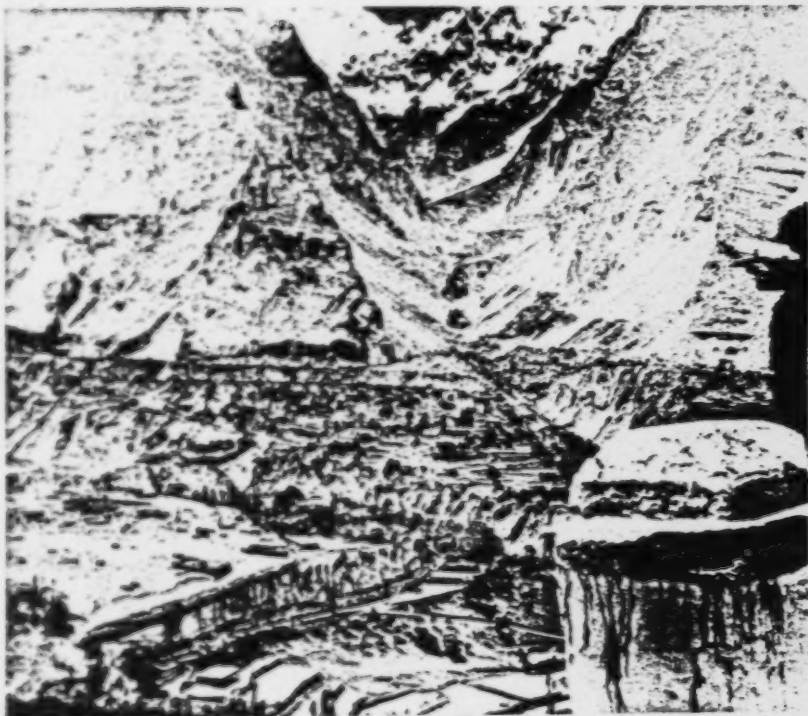


A water powered
stone mill used
by the Hunzas
for making flour.
(Figure 2.)

[facing p. 390]
[p. 390-A]

7: Tobe C.T-3 (1959) 1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

• 133
311



View from the Fort at Baltit.

[p.390-C]

Part or all of the armies of Alexander the Great wound their way through the Hindu Kush mountains. Whether or not they ever found their way into the Karakorums, history does not designate, but I suspect that they did, because the Hunzams are supposed to be descendants of Alexander the Great or his soldiers and Hunza is in the Karakorums. 131
133
[173]

The Himalayas in the encyclopedia are stated to lie in India, Tibet, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and China but I know for certain the Himalayas extend into Pakistan as well.

At this point I am not seeking to take issue with any gazetteer, encyclopedia or other volume of facts. I am just pointing out the difficulty I encountered in getting the information down to a semblance of order and accuracy. Further, I have consulted with, written to and requested details from many sources who should know the facts, and in practically every case I came to a dead end. It seems as though very few people in the world know the exact location and extent of these three mountain systems. [114]

One man who did seem to know them and placed them accurately was Eric Shipton and by the heavens, he should know—he spent more time among these mountains than any white man in history.

A curious thing about the people of Hunza . . . they do not have names for the peaks in the area and there are some mighty lofty peaks. Even the famed Rakaposhi has no individual name in Hunza. It is just called "Dumani," the same as every other high mountain or mountain peak that they came across. Actually, "dumani" means "covered with a cloud." 823
103

I guess they're so accustomed to seeing these awesome peaks that they become impervious to them. So what? Another hill! Every time I asked one of the

823 bearers the name of yon mountain, he pointed to it
103 and said, "Dumani!"

It was quite some time before I found out that it wasn't the same mountain we kept seeing from different views or angles. In fact, after the second day's travel and the only peak that we had passed was "Dumani," I began to get suspicious and thought that somebody was pulling my leg. As a matter of fact, I didn't find out that "Dumani" meant "covered with a cloud," "high peak" or "big mountain" until I came across Professor Berger in Baltit. He, being interested in the language of the people, put me straight on the "dumani" business.

What made matters even worse—or should I say, more difficult—was the fact that long after we had left the Hunza area, people kept telling me about the "Dobani" nullahs and the "Dobani" mountains. Sometimes they said "Dobani," other times they said "Dobani" and then they would also say "Dumani" and "Domani." I don't think they know themselves exactly what they mean. Of course when they said Dumani
[33] Nullah, it would mean the "river flowing from the glacier on the breast of the mountain" and when they pointed to a hill and said "Dumani," they meant it was a big hill.

133 In trying to relate the circumstances covering our travel and journey from Gilgit to Hunza one must maintain a sort of running encounter of the trail and the incidents surrounding it. Then, too, in other parts of the book I try to tell about the agriculture, the habits and health of the people of Hunza. Therefore little time remains for one to describe the charm, the beauty and whatever else may be said about the scenes one passes.

So will you bear with me while I try to describe as

graphically as possible one day's journey through these 133
mountains.

There is little beauty to be seen until one gets beyond Nornal. I felt that the enchantment of the mountain terrain did not begin until we reached Chalt. From there to Baltit was one bit of indescribable grandeur after another.

From broad undulating valleys and river beds you suddenly come to a place where the mountain walls seem to come together to form a gorge. Here the river churned and frothed in its azure murkiness. The dark rock walls in all their sharp angled beauty presented an awesome spectacle and gave one the feeling of being suddenly closed in. For thousands of feet upward, shelves, abutments, butts, curves and gradings swept on in seemingly never-ending succession. Not a tuft of grass or even a bit of green moss or lichen could be seen by the naked eye. 'Twas bare but still beautiful . . . unadorned, but bejewelled. Then above were the light and clouds . . . and beyond, the blue sky and occasionally the sun could be seen.

The road would climb, weave and wind. It would 133
broaden to 3, 4, or even 5 feet. Then 'twould narrow 487
down sometimes to a bare 14 inches where the outside shoulder of the road had collapsed or fallen away, leaving a ragged, rugged edge which one took good care to avoid.

In places where the trail all but disappeared the solid rock face of the mountain wall had been chipped away or incut to allow a body or a small animal to pass. One had to crane one's neck or stoop to prevent a whack on the head that could send you hurtling down thousands of feet.

Continually there were patches of scree or morain that might be a hundred feet or a mile or more in

- 133 length. Over this the horses clattered judiciously, plac-
 487 ing one foot down firmly somewhere before they lifted
 another. 'Twas the only way they could maneuver
 through this pebble and rock dashed remains of a slide.
 Masses of mountains dimmed in the distance.

[491] Now and then a nullah would leap into view and
 had to be crossed or forded. Yes, many of them, the
 more or less permanent ones, were covered by bridges
 . . . some sound, durable and strong and others, more
 or less makeshift, which one had to cross with prudence
 and yet alacrity.

133 Whenever a rafik hove into view, I unconsciously
 487 would suck in my breath quickly and steel myself for
 491 the mental ordeal to come. There I knew the trail was
 held up or was maintained by a few slabs of rock
 pressed into fissures on the rock surface of the cliff or
 even a built up wall of stones, laid carefully one on top
 of another without being cemented in any way. At
 other times there were rods of steel driven into the
 rock surface and upon this the boards or road was
 laid. How these supports held, heaven only knows and
 there they were, jutting out over emptiness or nothing-
 ness. Did they fall away? Was there any danger? Well,
 you can answer that question for yourself. If you were
 going to travel along the trail to Hunza, they had to be
 crossed and the fact that they were continually being
 erected was ample proof that they were continually
 falling away.

133 In many places the road ribbons to a narrow ledge
 487 along a precarious outcropping of rock . . . courses
 that have been cut and built into the very face of the
 sheer and protruding cliffs, and many from a few hun-
 dred to many thousands of feet above the valley floor
 and often more than 15,000 feet above sea level. Land-
 slides, washouts, rains of gigantic boulders, disintegra-

tion of rafiks have played havoc with travelers and caravans on this route since the first enterprising man inched his way across. Yet then and now bold, brave, fearless men were attracted and fascinated by the call to the serene loveliness, adventure and danger. 133 487

Then islands of greenery began to appear more frequently. These were the terraced fields, the oases that marked the villages. It was a pinpoint of light in a sea of darkness where rest, drink and food could be found, even if unappetizing and unabundant. These spots of green at sky-line-blue heights, among the millions of acres of barren rock and emptiness were pleasing both to the eye and soul and comforting, too, for the traveler. 133 311

Elsewhere, in the Hindu Kush or the Himalayas, could be found verdant valleys and hills and mountain-tops that were furry and treed. But in the harsh, bleak, black Karakorums, such heavenly blessings could seldom, if ever, be found. Even the terraced tiny green fields could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be compared to a tree-covered hillside or mountain. Yet, let it not be said or thought that these bleak, barren hills did not have their loveliness and charm. They possessed beauty! Yes, they did! Like a tiger, 'twas fierce, sharp and untamed, but nevertheless, true beauty!

In the distance, one could always watch as the hills rolled, soared, dipped and then fell away to merge with the blue of the horizon. I know at times, allowing my vision to soar and wander about the mountains in the distance, my fatigue and weariness were forgotten and I plodded on, unmindful of the trail. My mind soared from peak to peak—some cloud-haloed, others bold and sharply defined. 133 487

One was always meeting the Hunza River, either face to face or having it course along at your side. Then,

- 133 too, as you rose where the road led on high crests, you
487 could see the river winding, twisting, bending in the
distance and you knew that you would be there soon—
in an hour or a few.

As you course your way along the trail, you see the snow and ice covered mountain ranges with their glorious majestic crests gleaming in slides of silvery softness. You follow a road, that was known for at least a thousand years as a snaking, curving road of exceptional beauty, mid towering heights, nameless peaks and grave hazards.

- 487 'Twas but a scant few decades ago—yes, even that
439 short a time—that one or two successful caravan trading trips, winding their way from China to the Khyber Pass via Peshawar, Pindi, Gilgit and the Hunza and Nagir Valleys, could make a trader rich, if he could get through without mishap and avoid being robbed by brigands.

The camel caravans would be laden with silks, gaily colored cloth, clothing, tea, porcelain, earthenware, jewels, gold and silver, ivory, salt, sweetening, spices, trinkets and bottles, fancy slippers, foot coverings, vases, trays and fancily inscribed artware, bars of iron and steel, knives, cooking utensils.

On this caravan route, animals do not walk side by side, but one behind the other.

- [648] It is no wonder that the owners of the caravans were glad to pay tribute for safe conduct through these defiles and passes.

We met caravans but they were evidently coming from the Pamirs and heading towards Gilgit, Peshawar and Srinagar. They were good sized ones with many donkeys and camels. The altitude wasn't high enough for yaks.

They looked sort of nondescript to me. I thought

184 a good crop of various kinds of grains, forage, vegetable crops and fruits. In Hunza this just doesn't occur.
 241 The terrain is steeper, more precipitous, more difficult
 311 and seldom if ever does a flat open area come within the limits of normal vision.

[133] Then, too, Nagir has many more nullahs formed by the melting glaciers. Rakaposhi is located in Nagir and surrounding it are many snowfields and glaciers which are used, trained and harnessed to irrigate their country.

Indubitably, the fates and nature have been much kinder to Nagir than they have to Hunza.

438 Let me also tell you frankly that on many occasions the people of Hunza purchase or barter various types of food from Nagir. I asked the ways and means that

[437] were used in effecting these deals and found that in most cases money—earned by the Hunzans in service in the army, portering for expeditions and given to them as gifts—was the means.

184 One might gather from what I have said and even [628] from talking to various people or natives of the area, that the Nagirwals and the Hunzans are deadly enemies. But that is not true. The people of Hunza [186] think themselves much better than the people of Nagir. They do believe that they are handsomer, healthier, cleaner and are better husbandmen, but yet there does not appear to be any cases of conflict, physical or armed, between the two peoples.

123 I recall a little incident that may be of some interest. We rounded a spot—I guess it was 10 or so miles from Minapin—on the way up to Baltit and there we saw a decrepit, ragged looking Nagirwal. In his hands he

[231] held a pair of chickens. They were the typical chickens of the area—full grown but the size that our chickens are when they're half grown. He waved them in front of us as though indicating they were for sale or could be

137 Gilgit. With the eyes of an eagle I scanned the roadways, the byways, the mountain slopes, the rocks, the cliffs, the highlands, the lowlands, but nary a conifer did I spy.

[133] One day when we got to see a different slope of Rakaposhi, I looked up and there about two-thirds of the way up on its higher reaches or slopes was a cluster of trees and they looked like and must have been conifers. But wait . . . Rakaposhi, according to the records, is 25,550 feet high. Unless I'm as blind as a bat and cockeyed, to boot, that cluster of trees was at least two-thirds of the way up. I was standing at 9,000 or 10,000 feet. So two-thirds of the remaining 15,000 feet would be 10,000 feet. So 10,000 plus 10,000 makes 20,000. Am I trying to tell you that I saw trees growing at approximately 20,000 feet? The tree experts say it couldn't be. They would scoff, deride and ridicule my statement, for it is written and believed that the timberline is somewhere around 10,000 or 11,000 feet—or does that apply only in the North American scheme of things? Well, that might be in America, but I will swear and attest that it doesn't hold true in the Himalayas or the Karakorums. Could be that I may be erring by a couple of thousand feet or even three thousand but it would still mean that this copse or group of trees was at least 17,000 feet up. Yet I know, I feel, I am convinced that it must be 20,000 feet. I repeat this even at the risk of being called a lunatic. I've been called that before!

Other writers claim they saw pines on their travels in this district. I think they were just talking or trying to grasp something to describe in that bleak, bare area. I saw the one single pine tree I mentioned earlier in Gilgit . . . and it had been planted! Well, I'll have

to let you figure it out. I'm just telling you what I saw ¹³⁷
and what I think.

I admit that I would very much like to some day ^[133]
climb and find out exactly what those trees were, but
Rakaposhi is one of the most difficult of all mountains
on earth to climb. It took 23 attempts to conquer ⁶⁴⁸
Rakaposhi. The first 22 attempts failed, but a British
expedition succeeded in scaling her summit in 1958.
One side is almost a sheer drop, so from that side I'll
stay clear. Of course there wouldn't be anything growing
there, anyway.

The ascent of Rakaposhi was accomplished by the
British Pakistan Forces Himalayan Expedition, 1958.
Captain Shah Khan, the Mir's uncle, was a member
of the expedition. I quote from the account . . .

"Captain Shah Khan was a most important and use- ^[485]
ful member of the expedition. He personally selected
our 6 Hunza porters, and being a Hunza man himself,
in fact the uncle of the Mir, we hoped for great things
from them. We were not in the least disappointed."

The expedition started May 12th from Gilgit and
established a base camp on May 26 at 14,000 feet. It
was on June 25th that two members of the expedition,
Mike Barks and Tom Pattey, reached the summit,
under terrible conditions of winds and drifts.

Varieties of shrubs in Hunza were more numerous. I ¹³⁷
saw a few wild roses just like any wild rose you see
anywhere. The flower had a slight fragrance and was
reddish-pink in color.

Then there was a plant that resembled barberry,
except it had a blue berry instead of a red one. The
berry was edible. I tried some and found the taste
pleasing and sweet, but there was very little meat or
pulp. It was practically all skin and seeds. It was much

137 I've tried to locate it in my botanical encyclopedias but so far have met with failure. It appeared to be an annual but such a robust growing annual I have never known before in my life. (It could have been an herbaceous perennial—I'm not 100% certain. But I do know it started from the surface because there was no old wood or old stems on any of the thousands of plants that I saw and the hundreds that I examined closely.

If you know the winter creeper, or euonymus, then you can quickly understand what this fog plant looked like. It seemed to thrive in practically any location that would give succor to a living plant. In some places it was small and compact. In other locations it grew large and sprawling. It grew out of the rocks and hung down. It grew against the sides of the mountains and climbed up. It resembled, in many instances, a low growing shrub, but it was entirely void of wood. In other cases it grew erect and in still other places I found it sprawling around the ground in a wide area, making an excellent ground cover.

It is my estimate that I did not come across more than ~~30~~ different types of perennials or annual herbs. I am sure you will agree that it is understandable that the flora of this area would not be wide or tremendous.

133 Undoubtedly the valleys along the Nagir side were more lush, looked better and were larger than the cultivated areas along the Hunza side. One of the reasons for this condition is the fact that the Hunza side is more precipitous and the walls of the canyon or mountains are steeper and more sheer, leaving less opportunity for soil to accumulate, be cultivated and grow plants.

247 In the homes, from my observations, and I made careful study of this aspect, I did not see a sign of one

000 from it the organic method of land use.

262 From what I have seen, I have deduced the fact that the people of Hunza use less fat of any kind than most people found throughout the world. Some nations may lack animal fats, but make it up by fats found in fish. The people of Hunza have very little animal fat and no fish, for there are few lakes in the area and the only fish that are found in the streams are those that were placed there, in an attempt to stock the Hunza and Gilgit Rivers and some of the nullahs.

[133]

They do get some fat from the butter that is made from the milk of the goats, sheep and a few cows and yaks. They also get a bit of fat from their walnuts and the kernels of the apricot seeds, neither of which can be considered to be high in fat content.

Lest you think that this lack of fat would have some effect on the people, let me stress that there are no more energetic people found in the world and they are continually active.

251 As soon as fall sets in and the harvest is completed, they carefully select and store and prepare their winter's larder. Then they divide and apportion all of their foods so they will last them throughout the winter.

262 An important addition to their winter diet is a gruel or a soup that they make from the various grains and this is eaten with their chapatties.

515 Dentifrices or toothpastes or powders of any kind
164 are not used in Hunza. Yet the people have unusually fine teeth. False teeth, plates or dentures are unknown. So even at the expense of antagonizing the toothbrush and toothpaste people, it would appear that these implements and concoctions do not create good healthy teeth.

* * * * *

000 I have debated within myself whether or not I should

and villages are invariably built where there are trees of one kind or another. So it was our best bet to tackle the sun while we had some protection against it.

I remembered also that in this area there were lots of nullahs and that conduits were found everywhere, so we could refresh ourselves with good fresh cold water all along the route. Further down there were very few nullahs or any other means of getting water except by marching down to the river's edge and this, friend, could be an undertaking!

At this stage the elevations ranged around 7,000 to 10,000 feet. I didn't carry an altimeter with me but I was informed that in some places we climbed to 12,000 feet. It certainly felt like it by the rarity of the atmosphere and the way my chest and lungs were behaving.

All through this broad area the mountain scenery is idyllic. It just can't be beat or improved upon, no matter where in the world you go. When I came up this selfsame trail on the inward trek, I was in no mood to appreciate beauty or mountain grandeur and I knew that I hadn't taken in very much. But now, I was determined to feast my eyes, my heart and my soul on the most beautiful, the most varied, the most awe-inspiring mountain vastness that is known to exist.

I was happy—I was carefree—I felt so light that I thought the horse wouldn't even know he was carrying a passenger. In all probabilities I'd never come this way again and I wanted that beauty engraved on my memory.

Through the years I had spent many weeks and months in the Rockies, from Alaska right down to the Mexican Sierras, and I believed the Rockies to be the most impressive range of mountains I had ever known. When I saw the Alps and compared them, well, there

133 was no basis for comparison. The Alps were pretty hills!

But here again was something entirely different. We flew through and over the Himalayas from Rawalpindi till we neared Gilgit and from the moment we saw the Karakorums I was impressed with their appearance of hardness, massiveness—yes, and their coldness, too, but they certainly weren't very cold here on our way to Chalt where the metallic content of the rock absorbs every bit of heat and seems to hold it. Whereas the [137] Rockies are mainly grassed or timbered, the Karakorums are bare, naked and distinctly metallic looking.

Of course there are bare mountains in the rockies and there are treed and grassy ones in the Karakorums but it's the exception, in both cases, rather than the rule. Apart from a bit of grass or a few trees in an occasional valley, the mountains in general were bare rock. It is indeed a tribute to the courage, ingenuity and resourcefulness of the people of Hunza and other races who live in these rocky valleys, that they can manage to eke out an existence.

In the Rockies anything over 10,000 feet is rare and unusual. When you hit 12,000, 13,000 or 14,000 feet it is an event of major importance. But here in the Karakorums, when you are trudging along, everywhere the mountains are 14,000, 15,000 and 16,000 feet high. It seems that the ridges all around you are 12,000 to 14,000 feet, with something like Rakaposhi occasionally poking up at 25,550 feet. Even that is nothing of any spectacular mention, because within a few scant miles as the crow flies could be found ten peaks as high or higher and dozens or maybe hundreds somewhat smaller, but still much bigger and more impressive than most found in the Rockies and the Alps.

Just to illustrate my point I'll mention a few, starting at the Afghan border and working over to Singkiang

in China, and down a few miles to the Skardu district. 133
 This area covers a circle within a 100 mile radius of
 Baltit, but look at the peaks that are found therein.
 These are just a few of the ones over 20,000 feet high
 that are found in that small area:

Haramosh	24,270	Saltoro Kangri .	25,400
Mukorum	23,050	unnamed	22,400
unnamed	25,868	Saser Kangri . .	25,170
Kampire Dior . .	23,434	unnamed	21,270
unnamed	21,200	unnamed	22,891
Kanjut Sar	25,460	Nanga Parbat . .	26,660
unnamed	23,440	unnamed	21,870
unnamed	25,540	unnamed	22,200
Godwin Austen		unnamed	22,120
(K-2)	28,250	Rakaposhi	25,550
Masherbrun . . .	25,660	Bilchhar Dobani	20,126
Gasherbrum . . .	26,470	unnamed	21,907
Teram Kangri .	24,489	unnamed	23,890

This list was taken from the actual military map of
 the area. Nowhere else could I find anything as de-
 tailed.

It is a positive fact that so far there are more than
 60 summits over 22,000 feet recorded in the Karakor-
 ums alone—mostly unnamed and unconquered—and
 remember, the Karakorums extend only for 300 miles.

I'm not trying to impress you with a mass of figures,
 but I just wish to lend credence to the facts that will
 bear out my contention that this is the most spectacular
 outcropping of mountains and peaks in the entire world
 and that this point has the right and probably the only
 right, to be called the true "Roof of the World."

Maps refer to this territory as the Pamirs. I think
 they say Afghanistan Pamir, Russian Pamir, Chinese
 Pamir. The word "pamir" in Persian means "roof of
 the world." If the world has a roof, then without ques-

- 133 tion or doubt, this area holds that lofty title!

I know that Tibet is called the "Roof of the World" but it is my contention that this is not right. Lhasa is at an elevation of approximately 13,000 feet and is surrounded by peaks whose heights are not more than 18,000 feet, whereas Baltit, the capital of Hunza, is located at an elevation of 8500 feet and the mountains surrounding it go well above 25,000 feet. So I don't think anyone can argue or deny that this, the Hunza area, is the true "Roof of the World."

- 122 At the time I visited Hunza, maps of the Kashmir
133 and Jammu and Gilgit agencies were hard to come by and anyone holding them might be arrested and charged with being a spy by the military authorities in Pakistan or India, because that area is zealously guarded by both sides.

It was a major operation to get a map of that area showing the various territories, the peaks and the ranges and such, but with the aid of a good friend I managed to procure a very good one.

- 133 For anyone interested in mountains, glaciers, hidden valleys and such things as dreams are made of, this map makes fabulous reading and studying. Besides, you can daydream away pleasant, carefree, happy hours like mad, if so inclined. Try it! Your cares will float away like bubbles!

- 122 Profiting from the mistakes of the past, when we found a nice cool comfortable spot, we stopped to rest and munched on the sandwiches that were so kindly prepared by the Mir's staff for us to take along. They were put into a little tin box where they kept in good shape. I would have liked to eat more of the sandwiches but after I gave one to Cec and had one myself, I passed the rest along to the guides and bearers. (Jahangir carried his own provisions.)

126 "nothing" where the ledge once led . . . a few well
192 appointed steel rods forced into fissures being the total
491 support. As yet I have failed to discover or learn the
proper word describing these galleries.

114 I must admit that many or most of the errors or
misconceptions concerning Hunza are due to the fact
that insufficient time was spent by some of the writers
who visited Hunza.

At first it was my wish to pass by this chapter on
misconceptions because I did not feel that I should be
involved in a hassle with other writers. But then I
asked myself if I had any doubts as to whether or not
I was right. And this made me feel that I definitely
wanted to write the chapter on misconceptions.

It is not my intent or desire to be contradictory nor
arbitrary. I am not seeking to pick a quarrel with
anyone. But the facts and statements herein related
are based on my seeing, hearing, research, questioning
and investigating.

I have tried to make my book as accurate as humanly
possible. And if and when errors are found, I trust they
will be brought quite forcibly to my attention. I would
like to believe that if I can dish it out, I can take it, too!

134 *Fertile valleys*—Some writers have referred to vari-
ous valleys in Hunza as fertile valleys. By the standards
to which we are accustomed, there is not one single
fertile valley in all of Hunza. That the soil is produc-
tive and the valley green and beautiful, no one will
deny. But at best the soil in Hunza is shallow and to be
productive, it must be maintained assiduously. I repeat,
in Hunza there are no such things as naturally fertile
valleys as compared, for example, to parts of the
Willamette Valley in Oregon.

131 Hunza is scarcely 60 miles long, says one writer. An-

133 other says it is 80 miles long and elsewhere I saw it

mentioned as being 100 miles long.

A few miles above the spot where the Hunza River meets the Gilgit is a village called Secunderabad. It is here that Hunza begins and if you follow the Hunza River up to its source beyond Misgar, almost on the Chinese border, where it springs from a glacier, you will find in following the contours of the river that the country is almost 200 miles long. I have carefully checked this figure with the best authorities—the Mir being one of them—and I found that the 200 mile figure was as close as it can possibly be measured.

They are Asians. Of course they are Asians because they dwell in Asia. But in appearance they are definitely unlike Asians. Without trying to sound dramatic or authoritative, the general appearance of the people of Hunza shows marked European characteristics. They are totally unlike the Indians, the Afghans or the Chinese. To me they looked like the Mediterranean peoples. At this stage I am not harping or relying on the fact that they claim to be descendants of Alexander the Great or some of his soldiers.

Primitive—Most writers refer to them as primitive people or say that their way of life is primitive. I will agree with the use of that term in describing the people of Hunza, if you will agree with me that the Christian world is primitive, because it too follows the teachings of the Bible which was written 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. It is agreed that the people of Hunza follow a primitive form of agriculture and use no chemical fertilizers or modern sprays and insecticides. But then, they don't need chemical insecticides and chemical fertilizers. They use no modern machinery on their small, hard won, shallow surfaced fields. Their conduits which guide the glacial waters to their fields are, I agree, primitive, but no better form is known anywhere.

487 I am sure that a people who saw these caravans coming
177 and going could not be called isolated by any stretch of
the imagination. They just like their little piece of
paradise too well to leave it.

133 *Hunza empties into the Indus.* Two famed writers
who should know better . . . or should I say, should
have checked more closely . . . made the statement that
the Hunza River flows into the Indus. Even a cursory
glance at a map would show that the Huhza empties
into the Gilgit and the Gilgit empties into the Indus.

585 *Mother-in-law taken along on honeymoon*—This bit
of stupidity, or should I say absurdity, appeared in no
less than two of the foremost publications in America.

Who ever heard of a honeymoon in Hunza? Not
having a Niagara Falls, probably they'd go up and sit
on top of Rakaposhi with the mother-in-law between
them to cool their ardor.

When the Mir made this statement, he was joking,
never believing for a moment that anyone would take
such a broad joke as being factual.

481 *Hunzans walk 60 to 100 miles as though it were*
147 *nothing.* In fact, one author stated somewhere that the
Hunzans could walk 60 miles easier than she could
walk upstairs.

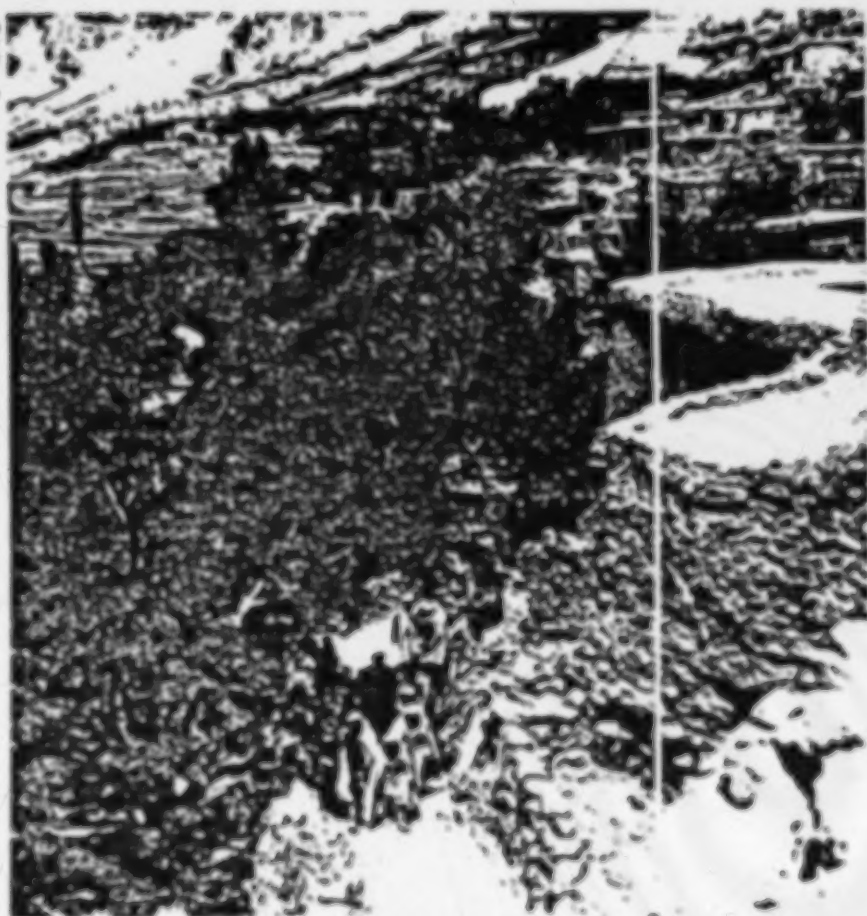
I will readily grant that I believe the Hunzan people
are the world's best walkers and well they would have
to be, because there just happens to be no other mode
of locomotion. I'll even go further and say that all
through my travels in that territory I did not once see
a Hunzan man, or for that matter a Nagirwal, who
appeared to be worn from the rugged walks and climbs.
So it is clear that they have tremendous reserves of
energy and stamina . . . but let's not go overboard!

486 *Anyone can visit Hunza.* Contrary to the assertion
114 made by one writer that anyone can get into Hunza, I

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[R 38]

[caption appears at the bottom of
photograph on p. 39-A]

Reel N-5 (1948-1951) 1963

AVT Bureau AVT

Hunza

[P.39-A]

Hunza in the Himalayas

Storied Shangri-La undergoes scrutiny

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TERRACED country, left, is ruled by the
Mir, shown with village chiefs, above,

at his palace at 8,000 foot altitude.
Background peaks exceed 20,000 feet.

Declass N-5 (1948-1951) 1003
AVT Bureau AVT

Honors

[P. 42-A]



FAMILY LIFE on Hennes's flat lands bespeaks the country's dry climate and the cramped quarters that prevail inside a

typical stone abode, forcing inhabitants to seek increased living space in the open. A meal is being prepared, above.

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[P44-8]

AVT Barabos AVT

Thana

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194 into the "thin, barrel chests" reported by travelers. (I found that when they took off their shirts the thin, barrel chests revealed strong musculature, with ribs notably warped by ribs.) During my first winter, I developed a typical case of beriberi, even though my diet was more varied than theirs and was adequate in quantity.

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Thana's slopes are so steep they must be terraced by the laborious construction of hand built retaining walls of boulders. I measured one cultivated slope of 60 degrees--no steeper that the retaining walls were twice as high as the cultivated plots they supported. And sometimes Thana farmers will even create arable soil on top of bare rock. After a cone-shaped wall at the foot of any fairly gentle rock slope is built high enough so the top of the wall is level with the top of the slope, the wall is carefully checked and mud-caked, then muddy water from the nearest irrigation ditch is admitted to make a small pond. When the mud settles out, the clear water is drained, and more muddy water is admitted. This process is repeated for about two years, until enough mud accumulates to allow cultivation.

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neers of their uncomfortable houses leaves an indelible mark on the national character.

342 It must be remembered that a house in the
(351) Hindu-Kush has no glass windows, no comfortable fire-place and chimney corner. The better-class houses are built round a courtyard, but the rooms rarely have windows, all light comes from the
354 open door or from a skylight. Immediately below
352 the skylight is a square open hearth, on which smoulders a fire; round this run raised platforms, on which are the beds and household paraphernalia; the smoke, before escaping through the roof, fills the whole room, blackens walls and pillars, and chokes the unfortunate inhabitants. If it is very cold, or raining and snowing heavily, the skylight is shut, the room is in pitchy darkness but for a sputtering torch, and the atmosphere horrible. It is no wonder that an existence under these circumstances should be rather depressing, and in Nagar the people get the full benefit of it, for there are several villages which during December and January only get twenty
411 minutes' sun a day; some, I believe, get none. The men having no agricultural work on hand, owing to the land being frost-bound, there is practically nothing for them to do during the winter months but to sit idly round their smouldering fires for about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

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Nagar has practically no outlet except down the river to Gilgit. Shut in to the east by impassable mountains, and to the south by the great Rakapushi range, there is only the bare possibility of reaching
417 Baltistan by the Hispar pass: there is a tradition that the road was once used, but it is very doubtful if

1889]

DIFFICULT COUNTRY

149

when he smiled, but with generally a boorish and sulky expression. He received us very cordially, and after we had breakfasted under a fine plane tree he came and discussed affairs. I could see that my main difficulty would be to persuade my new friends that we had come to Gilgit to stay. Biddulph's withdrawal had made them very chary of having anything to do with us. 644

I examined the country very carefully as we marched, and noted the difficulty of the great ravine behind Nilt, which three years later was to baffle for eighteen days the attack of our troops. On the whole the road was better than I expected, and it seemed to me, as I find noted in my diary, "that a decently-armed and led force should not have much difficulty in forcing its way in." My hosts were not averse to my sketching, and I had a road sketch and report made every day, but I did not like to make too much of it, and contented myself personally with noting the positions and the chances of attack they offered. The conclusion I eventually arrived at was that the Hunza-Nagar country presented the most appalling difficulties, and that, with well-armed men holding the country, an advance into it would be terribly costly. 133 487

The views of Rakapushi were very fine, though not so grand as I had hoped, for we were marching too close under it. Still, a mountain rising nineteen thousand feet above you, and over twenty-five thousand feet in height, must be fine when you get a glimpse of it. The next day's march was, however, far more striking; the road rose over gigantic moraine masses, crossing ravine after ravine

133 seven and eight hundred feet deep, each one filled
487 up by the end of a glacier, the main mass of which
361 was out of sight. We passed through numerous
241 villages whose cultivation, carried far up the mountain side, was of the richest. Each village was surrounded by fruit trees, and poplar, plane, and [712] walnut trees abounded. Every village was either enclosed in a large square fort, with towers at each corner, or had a fort close to it.

133 The third day took us into Nagar. On leaving camp we crossed a great shingle slope, nearly a mile in length, at a point hundreds of feet above the river. Huge cliffs crowned the slope, and made this one of the most difficult pieces of road, from a military point of view, that we had yet passed. During our two last marches we saw conglomerate cliffs and rocks full of garnets, some very fine white sandstone, and in one place a cliff of clay, which was said to be full of [361] gold. Nagar lies off the main valley, some three miles up another stream, and the last few miles into [241] it the road ran almost without interruption through cultivation. The fruit trees were a sight to see, apricot trees bending under a burden of red gold fruit, their harvest just beginning, and every house roof, and any other available flat space, was covered with the fruit drying in the sun. As we turned our backs on the main valley the view was superb.

133 Behind us Rukapushi rose in gigantic precipices of
241 thousands of feet of snow and ice, while across the
361 river above Hunza towered another great mountain, its crest broken by sharp granite peaks on which no snow can rest. Its lower spurs are jagged and bare, and below them lay a large semi-circle, one mass of

1889]

ENTRY INTO NAGAR

151

villages and of cultivation, the terraced fields carried 133
 right down into the river bed. Hunza itself lies on 241
 the right bank of a ravine ending in a dark glacier, 361
 from whose melting ice is supplied the channel which
 waters the whole of the Hunza cultivation. The
 houses of the main village are clustered tier upon tier
 on a high spur crowned by the Thum's Castle. The
 arrangement at Nagar is precisely the same.

Our entry into Nagar was very similar to my last 644
 year's entry into Chitral, only that the crowd was on
 a smaller scale, the courtiers not so numerous or so
 brilliantly arrayed. Still it was picturesque enough;
 before us rode a man bearing a scarlet and white
 banner; around us, wherever the road permitted, was
 the gay crowd in Bokhara silks or dirty woollen home-
 spun. The usual irregular salute was fired as we
 reached the polo ground, and the band made dis-
 cordant music. Raja Jafr Khan could not receive
 me, being paralysed, so we moved without further
 ceremony into our camp by the polo ground, pre-
 ceded by Raja Umr Khan, who showed, by riding
 before us, a lack of breeding which scandalised the
 other Rajas, and which compared very unfavourably
 with the Mehtar of Chitral's courtesy.

Next morning I paid my state visit to Raja Jafr 644
 Khan. The road runs up through the village to the 342
 Thum's Castle, under a succession of easily defensible
 doorways, which would make an assault very difficult
 for bad troops or local enemies. The Palace stairs
 consisted of the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it,
 which led up through a square hole in the floor to the
 terraced rooms above. In this, as in every other
 house I ever entered in these wilds, the last two of

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4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir

Burusho Av1



ABOVE NAGAR, END OF THE GREAT GLACIER.

[Facing P. 154]

● 133

We paid several visits to the great glacier which comes to within two or three miles of Nagar from the mountains to the south. It was at this time, late in August, very black and dirty, a mass of irregular columns and broken surfaces, with only one clean white piece, that just above the ice arch, through which the torrent forced its way out. I had no time to go further up the valley, though I should much have liked to have gone up another sixteen miles to see the Hispar glacier, that wonderful stream of ice, forty miles long from the crest of the pass to the foot of the glacier, which at one time must have reached Nagar itself.

The whole country about Nagar and Hunza is carved out by glacier action; gigantic moraines, the skeletons of dead and gone glaciers, meet you on all sides; above Nagar is a wild tangle of ground, where three huge glaciers fought for the mastery; above Hunza, lakebeds and moraines meet you at every turn. Conway's book and beautiful maps have lifted the veil which obscured one's knowledge of this great glacier land, but at the time I looked on it first there was but little information about it. There was the tradition that an easy road existed over the Hispar pass into Baltistan, to which the people attached sufficient importance to fortify certain positions during the late troubles with Kashmir, fearing an invasion from that side. But to me, as we gazed up the long swell of the glacier towards the well-named Golden Parri—a mass of mountain twenty miles to the south-east of Nagar which dominates the glacier streams below, and whose gigantic precipices take the most splendid colouring from the westering sun—it was a

133 land of silent mystery. Looking up from our vantage ground above the glacier, it was obvious that the ice rivers had receded, and, judging from the people's traditions at no distant date, leaving gigantic moraines to the south and in the direction of Hispar.

241 The road to this point from Nagar was very pretty, running entirely through cultivation and orchards, and occasionally under the walls of a village fort. The people were evidently very hard working, and the cultivation and labour expended on walling the fields
609 was most thorough. At some villages they used to bring us out presents of fruit, and at all they were civil and pleasant. They are a nice people, and independent. One old man was very indignant at the men with us for passing along the edge of his
651 field where there was no footpath. We came in one place on an amusing instance of the world-wide tendency to scamp Government work. We were crossing a field which I noticed was very badly gleaned, and I asked the reason. I was told it was one of the Thum's, and that, as the villagers had to cultivate and reap it for him, they did not take as much trouble as if it had been their own.

533 A boy came along with us one day, and played on a long pipe with a very sweet note. It was quite a pastoral. The last we saw of him he was wandering below us on a classic lawn, by the side of a stream which ran flecked with sunlight under the shadow of great walnut trees, playing his pipe, whose plaintive notes floated up to us, mingled with the murmur of
301 the water. His dard cap was ornamented with a garland of red and white flowers stuck into its folds.

000 I had to leave Nagar long before I had exhausted

1889]

ARRIVAL IN HUNZA

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I had to leave Nagar long before I had exhausted
 the objects of interest, and many places had perforce
 to be left unvisited. The morning we left we plunged
 down below the fort for several hundred feet to the
 rope bridge which spans the gorge of the Nagar
 stream. It was a nasty bridge, with very steep
 slopes, and I thought one of the servants had gone,
 for he stumbled badly; but he recovered himself,
 and merely dropped a bundle he was for some reason
 carrying, which went floating down amongst masses
 of ice which, broken from the glacier above, were
 dancing down the furious stream. There was a stiff
 climb up a couple of thousand feet to the crest of the
 ridge between the two streams, and an equally steep
 descent down to the Hunza river. The approach to
 the bridge, which springs from two great masses of
 rock on each side of the river, is villainous, over
 smooth rock and by pathways a few inches wide,
 kept bad for safety's sake. We were met by various
 deputations—one shortly after entering Hunza terri-
 tory, a second at the bridge, a third on the Hunza
 bank, and I found it was arranged that we should
 camp directly we got to the top of the cliff above the
 river, and that we should make our state entry next
 day. Accustomed to these ceremonious delays from
 my experience of Chitral, I agreed.

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Next morning we started at about half-past seven
 in uniform, and rode up through the terraced culti-
 vation to the polo ground. Here we were requested
 to halt, while our salute was being fired by the Wazir
 in person, he being the only man who could be trusted
 to fire the gun. It was a gun with a history, which
 had been cast by a refugee from Wakhan, all the
 brass household implements in the country having

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* Durand G-3 (1888-89) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Gurushe AV7



THE MOUNTAINS BEHIND HUNZA. FROM ABOVE NAGAR.

[Facing p. 160

Hunza, Nagyr, and the Pamir Regions.

5

The latter is a hostage in Kashmir, to secure the good ⁶⁴⁸behaviour of his tribe, which is really infinitely superior in culture and piety to those around them. The father, who is over 90, writes in Persian to the following effect, after the usual compliments:—"The affairs of this place are by your fortune in a fair way, and I am in good health and constantly ask the same for you from the Throne which grants requests. Your kind favour with a drawing of the Mosque has reached me, and has given me much pleasure and satisfaction. The reason of the delay in its receipt and acknowledgment is due to the circumstance that, owing to disturbances (*fesad*) I have not sent agents to Kashmir this year. After the restoration of peace, I will send [a letter] with them. In the meanwhile, I have caught your hem [seek your protection] for my son Habibullah Khan, a beloved son, about whom I am anxious; the aforesaid son is a well-wisher to the illustrious English Government. —ZA'FAR KHAN." [The letter was apparently written in June last, when *The Times* reported a "rising," because the British Agent was at Chalt with 500 men.]

It seems to me that none but a farseeing man could, in ⁰⁰⁰the midst of a misunderstanding, if not a fight, with us, so write to one in the enemy's camp, unless he were a true man alike in war and peace, and a ruler whose good-will was worth acquiring. As for his son, I know him to be indeed well-disposed to our Government. He was very popular among our officers when I saw him in Kashmir, owing to his modesty, amiability, and unsurpassed excellence at Polo. In fact, my friendship with several of the chiefs since 1866 has aided our good relations with them; and it is a pity if they should be destroyed for want of a little "*savoir*," as also "*savoir faire*," on our part.

Between the States of Nagyr and Hunza there exists a ^[186]perpetual feud. They are literally rivals, being separated ¹³³by a swift-flowing river on which, at almost regulated distances, one Nagyr fort on one bank frowns at the Hunza fort on the other. The paths along the river sides

6 *Hunza, Nagyr, and the Pamir Regions.*

133 are very steep, involving at times springing from one ledge of a rock to another, or dropping on to it from a height of six feet, when, if the footing is lost, the wild torrent sweeps one away. Colonel Biddulph does not credit the Nagyris with bravery. History, however, does not bear out his statement; and the defeat inflicted on the Kashmir troops under Nathu Shah in 1848 is a lesson even for the arrogance of a civilized invader armed with the latest rifle.

[533] The Nagyris are certainly not without culture; in music they were proficient before the Muhammadan piety of the Shiah sect somewhat tabooed the art. At all events, they are different in character from the Hunzas with whom they share the same language, and their chiefs the same ancestry.

721 The Hunzas, in whom a remnant of the Huns may be found, were great kidnappers; but under Kashmir influence they stopped raiding since 1869, till the confusion incidental to our interference revived their gone occupation. Indeed, it is asserted on good authority, that even our ally of Chitral, who had somewhat abandoned the practice of selling his Shiah or Kalasha Kafir subjects into slavery, and who had so disposed of the miners for not working his ruby mines to profit, has now returned to the trade in men, "with the aid of our present of rifles and our moral support." Nor is Bokhara said to be behind Chitral in the revival of the slave-trade from Darwaz, in spite of Russian influence; so that we have the remarkable instance of two great Powers both opposed to slavery and the slave-trade, having revived it in their approach to one another. Nor is a third Power, quite blameless in the matter; for when we worried Hunza, that robber-nest remembered its old allegiance to distant Kitai and arranged with the Chinese authorities at Yarkand to be informed of the departure of a caravan. Then, after intercepting it on the Kulauddi road, the Hunzas would take those they kidnapped from it back for sale to Yarkand!

000 As a matter of fact, we have now a scramble for the regions surrounding and extending into the Pamirs by

Gilgit—Hunza—Nager—Ponyal.

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rocky ledges, sometimes letting oneself down nearly to the water's edge, then ascending 300 or 400 feet above the stream, holding on by corners of rock, working along rocky shelves 3 or 4 inches wide, and round projecting knobs and corners where no four-footed animal less agile than a wild goat could find a path.

Immediately above the bend of the river is the district of Chaprot, consisting of the fort and village of that name and three other villages. This has always been a fruitful source of contention among the rulers of the three states of Hunza, Nager, and Gilgit, between which it is situated, principally on account of the fort, which, according to local ideas, is impregnable. It is situated in the angle formed by the junction of two streams, with high precipitous banks, and can therefore only be approached from one side. It has belonged in turns to all three states, but at present is garrisoned by Cashmere troops. Continuing up the valley to the eastward, at about 52 miles from Gilgit, the residences of the rulers of the two states of Hunza and Nager are reached, the river forming the boundary between the wild two.

The view of the great Rakiposh Mountain from the north side is truly striking. From the water's edge it rises without a break for 19,000 feet to its topmost peak, which is over 25,000 feet above the sea-level. Its lofty sides, girdled with dark pine forest and seamed with glaciers and *mer-de-glace*, some of which reach nearly down to the water's edge, overlook numerous fertile settlements which are nourished by streams flowing from the great mountain. Above the forests extensive fields of snow sparkle and glitter in the summer sun, while, overtopping all, great points of granite, on whose steep sides the snow can scarce find a resting-place, give emphasis and unity to a scene not easily forgotten.

Above Hunza the course of the river, which rises in the Hindoo Koosh, lies entirely in Hunza territory. The people of these two states, of whom so little is known, have been counted as mere robber tribes, who have brought themselves into notice by their depredations on the caravans between Yarkund and Leh. This is, however, scarcely a just estimation of them. They are of the same stock as the people of Yassin, Ponyal, and the majority of the people of Gilgit and the neighbouring valleys. So far from being mere robber tribes, they are settled agricultural communities, living under rulers who boast of their long unbroken descent from princes of native blood. Hemmed in by lofty mountains, they are

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When CASHMERE authority was temporarily expelled from Gilgit, between 1852 and 1860, communication with Nager was maintained by this road. In the prosperous times of the Shin rule, the Thums of Nager acknowledged the Ras of Gilgit as their feudal superiors, and tradition relates that the villages of Nilt, Gulmit, Toll, and Pussant, which now belong to Nager, were given as dowries to different Thums who married daughters of the Trakhandé. At the time of the Sikh occupation of Gilgit a very close connection existed between the rulers of the two states of Gilgit and Nager. Between Hunza and Nager a great rivalry, which has frequently resulted in open hostility, has always existed, but they are generally ready to combine against an external foe. Though possessing a common origin, the people of Nager are distinguished for timidity and incapacity for war, and no instance is recorded of their being victorious over their rivals of Hunza, at whose hands they have suffered many disastrous defeats. The people of Nager are Shiabs, and slavery does not exist among them. Since 1868 Nager has been tributary to Cashmere, to which it makes an annual payment of twenty-one tolas of gold and two baskets of apricots.

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Between the two states the river flows between perpendicular banks, 300 feet high and 600 feet apart at the top. The banks can only be ascended in a few places, which are carefully guarded.

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Hunza, which comprises a considerable extent of territory, has an agricultural population of about 6,000 souls. North of the great range of peaks which bisects the principality from south-east to north-west the country opens out into rolling grass steppes, supporting a scattered pastoral population. Here the great wild sheep (*O. Poli*) roams in large herds. This tract is known as Little Goohjal, to distinguish it from Wakhan, which, south of the Hindoo Koosh, is known as Goohjal proper.

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From the north-east the Shimshal stream, draining the valley of that name, brings down a great volume of water in summer, and effectually closes all access from the south, except to men on foot. The only direct route in summer to the Shimshal Valley from the south, is by the high and difficult Moorkón Pass, which is only open for two months in the year. From the head of the Shimshal Valley a road, only passable for men on foot, leads to Koolanooldi in the Yarkund Valley. It was by this road that attacks on the caravans were organised. Another route leads by a somewhat

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of "striking the road." The Nager people were never con- 72/

With the former rulers of Gilgit the people of Hunza seem to have lived on tolerably good terms, rendering them a nominal allegiance in the days of their prosperity, but asserting their independence as the later Trakhane Ras grew weak. The Sikh and Dogra governors found their most troublesome enemies in Hunza, against which country they never gained a single success. Hunza raids against Gilgit villages were incessant, till in revenge an expedition was organised in 1848 by Nuthoo Shah, the first Sikh governor of Gilgit. Falling into an ambuscade, Nuthoo Shah and Karim Khan, the Ra of Gilgit, were both slain, and their army defeated with serious loss. In the beginning of 1865 a second attempt was made in alliance with the ruler of Nager, whose lukewarmness or treachery caused the expedition to fail. In the succeeding year a third attempt was made, but the Nager ruler's treachery was now evident, and while the Hunza force looked on from across the river, a skirmish took place between the *quondam* allies, in which the Dogra governor was badly wounded. The unexpected defection of their allies and the loss of their leader so disheartened the Dogras that the whole force took to flight, and reached Gilgit with the loss of only two men. Their artillery, which had been at first abandoned, was recovered by the presence of mind of one of the Dogra officers, who, with a few men, preserved the semblance of order in their retreat. The expedition having been undertaken without permission from Jummoo, the governor was recalled and his proceedings ignored.

In 1869 the raids from Hunza were at last put an end to by the present Thum consenting to yield allegiance and pay a yearly tribute of two horses, two hounds, and twenty ounces of gold-dust, which has since been paid regularly.

The elevation of Hunza is 8,400 feet. It may be described as an elongated crescent with the points towards the south, formed by the hills receding from the river. At each end is a strong torrent flowing from the glaciers on the peaks, which are just visible to the north. The cultivation extends about 7 miles in length by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in depth. This is terraced down to the river, but in parts is broken and undulating. It is divided into eight districts,—Naraydass, Assanabad, Door-kun, Hyderabad, Aliabad, Ganish, Baltit, and Altit. Each district has its own fort. Baltit is the Thum's residence. The ground is thickly wooded, and the whole eastern end is